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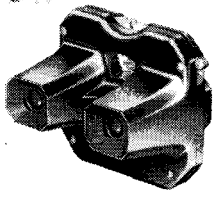

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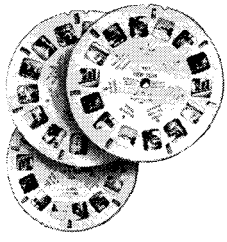

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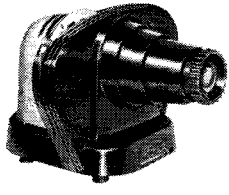

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Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Illinois. Printed in United States. **All undeliverable copies should be returned to above address.** Entered as 2nd class matter at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14, 1936, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as 2nd class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. **Subscription Rates:** $3.00 per year in advance, $5.00 for two years; no charge for foreign or Canadian postage.

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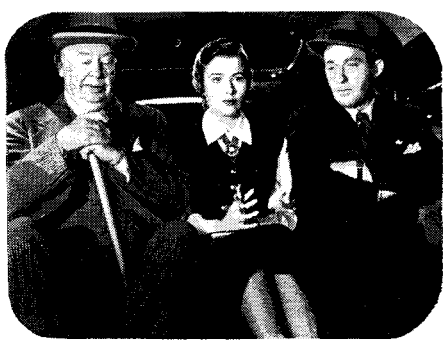

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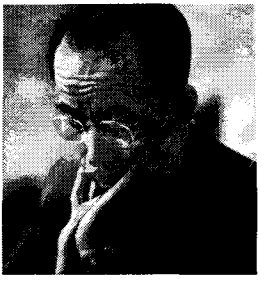

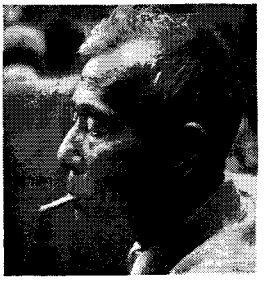

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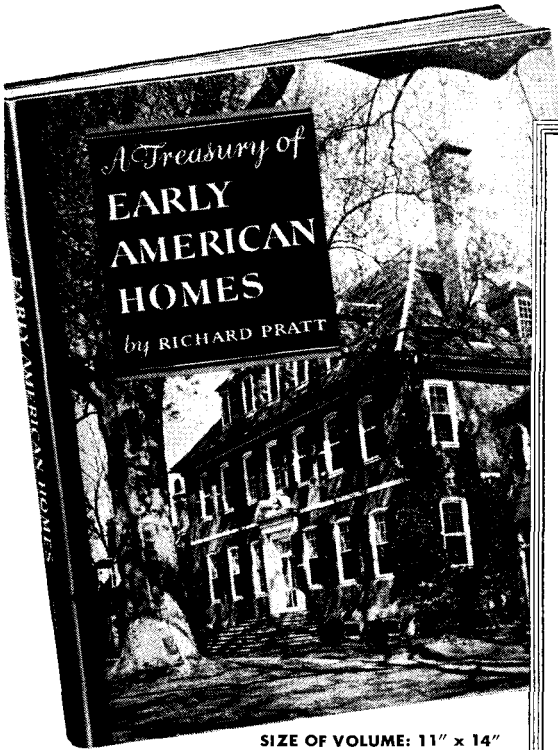

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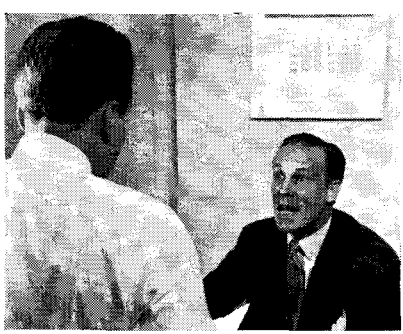

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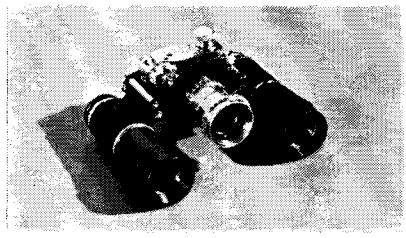

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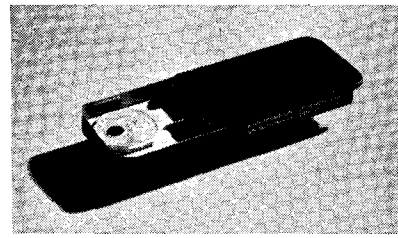

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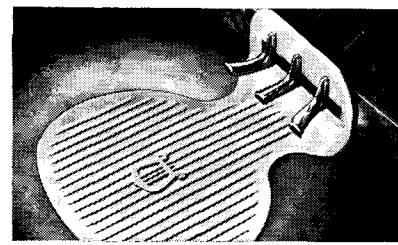

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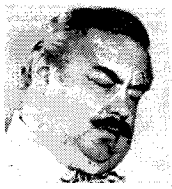

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*FRIDAY 9:55 P.M. E.S.T.**

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FRIDAY NIGHT FIGHTS—Don Dunphy (right) describes the week's top boxing match blow-by-blow.

*FRIDAY 10:00 P.M. E.S.T.**

Sponsored by Gillette Safety Razor Co.

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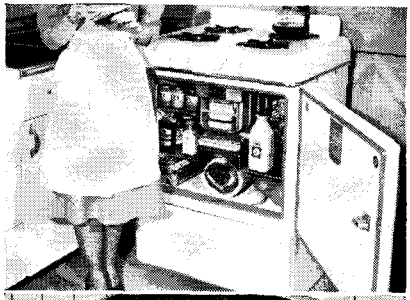
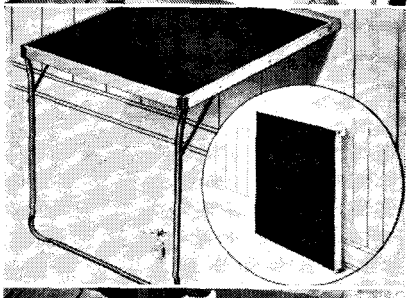
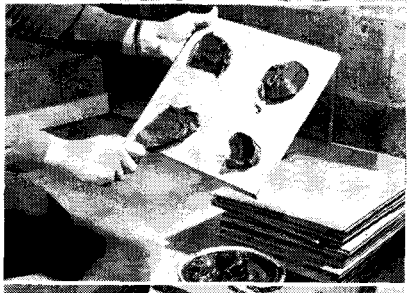
Coronet's Family Shopper



ANY ROOM becomes an apartment with this four-burner gas stove and four-cubic-foot refrigerator combination. In apartments, offices, or cabins it saves space and money, works on natural or bottled gas. It needs only 21½x 27½ inches of floor space, and includes a vegetable bin. "General Chef." $239.50*. Goldsmith Bros., N. Y. C. 7.



THIS TABLE attaches to wall, door, or counter top, and provides extra space for eating, typing, and cooking. It folds flat when not in use, and opens easily to support kitchen appliances or portable sewing machine. In white with red, yellow with green Masonite top. 24″ x 32″ x 30″. "Space Saver." $10.98*. Kresge's, Newark 2, N. J.



WASHABLE, good-looking insulating panels can be put over concrete, cinder block, or plaster walls. When cut to fit small spaces, the covering is stapled around edge of fibreboard for a finished look. No upkeep. White, or marbleized beige, brown, green, or grey. "Wonderwall." 46c a square foot. Page Panel Company, Cresskill, N. J.

OLD FURNITURE gets new life with little effort if you use this refinishing kit. It includes a combined remover and neutralizer, and coating that penetrates wood, to give a natural, walnut, mahogany, or maple scratch-resistant and alcohol-repellent finish. Brush, steel wool, and wax included. "Re-Du." $4.23. Edith Chapman, Nyack, N. Y.

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"That Formfit Look"
First Choice...
FOR FIT, FOR COMFORT, FOR A SWEETHEART OF A FIGURE
No wonder more women wear Formfit than any other make! Whether you're short or tall, large or small—you're sure of exact figure fit with Formfit's Life Bra and Life Girdle. You're sure, too, of glorious free-action comfort—plus tailored-in control that keeps bust high, young, separated . . . waist and hips slimmer, smoother. Result: even a "so-so" figure instantly becomes a Sweetheart of a Figure! Be fitted and see—today.
Life Bras from $1.25
Life Girdles from $7.50
Life BY Formfit
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Coronet's Family Shopper

These fashion-wise furs fit the budget.

Muskrat makes news in smart coats which demonstrate the fur's versatility.

THE LUXURY of fur, with its warmth, styling, and wearability, combines with moderate price in these newly designed coats. For casual wear, the seal-dyed coney with three detachable buttons. Its small collar and turn-back sleeves add pert touches (upper left. $119*. Canadian Fur Corp., NYC 1). The grey Indian lamb coat, 36″ long, has a flash of color in the midnight blue mink stitched to a taffeta ascot (upper right. $500. Russeks, NYC 16). Two of muskrat's many personalities are illustrated in the blended silver blue with darker cuffs and tie (lower left. $315. Himelhoch's, Detroit, Mich.), and the tuxedo-front "Breath of Spring" (lower right. $395*. Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, Ill.). Prices quoted here do not include Federal tax.

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says

I COLOR MY WN HAIR AT HOME with TINTAIR!"

"I'm so excited about Tintair! I prefer to color my own hair at *home—in just a few minutes—instead of having it done by* the studio at no cost!"

June Havoc

Co-star of "Del Palma"

Only Tintair has "VEGE which automatically turns off the coloring process

OW—in just a few exciting minutes, *at home*—too, can have a glamorous personality! TINTAIR is —the biggest news in ion since lipstick!

so *easy* to have soft, lovely, *hful*-looking hair with tair! Just brush it on! iten up to 4 shades or ten with no pre-bleach-no pre-shampooing—ect, every time, even on gray hair! And the color looks so natural!

You can't make a mistake with Tintair! For Tintair—and *only* Tintair—contains "VEGETABLE CATALYST D"! This amazing *safety* ingredient automatically *turns off* the coloring action. No need to watch the clock!

Choose from 12 fashionable colors at cosmetic counters. *Buy Tintair today!*

Nature isn't always right —but Tintair IS!

Tintair

HOME HAIR COLORING

ONLY $2 (plus tax)

for "A Professional Treatment *you give yourself at home.*"

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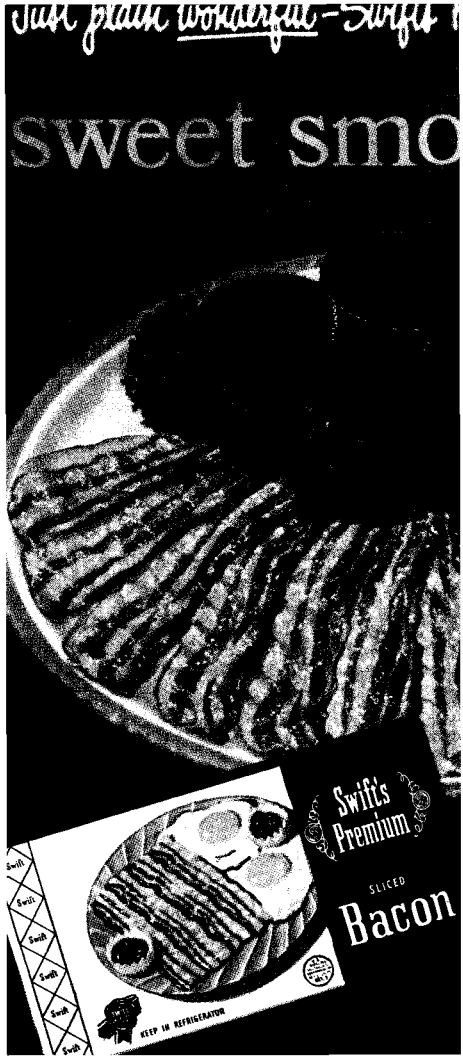

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Vol. 29, No. 3 January, 1951

The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

RUSSIA'S PLAN FOR WORLD CONQUEST

by JOSEPH STALIN

Just like Adolf Hitler, the Dictator of Soviet Russia has a carefully prepared plan for winning world supremacy. And just as Hitler did in his notorious book, *Mein Kampf*, so has Joseph Stalin written, in clear and unmistakable words, his blueprint for aggressive conquest—the communist blueprint that is being followed, down to the smallest detail, in the Far East and elsewhere around the globe. Ironically, however, few people in the United States have taken the trouble to explore Stalin's writings and weigh their significance to the citizens of a free world. In order that there be no further unawareness of his long-range aims for the forcible spread of communism, here is the Russian Dictator's nine-point program for world conquest, taken from his recorded writings, which are now on file in the Stalin Archives of the National War College in Washington, D. C. Italicized sentences have been inserted throughout the article in order to point up Stalin's plan in the light of today's crucial events. —THE EDITORS.

NOW THAT THE Soviet Union has become a major power, the world is severed into two camps. The capitalist world is being disintegrated by internal antagonisms which are paralyzing it; on the other hand, our socialist world is steadily growing stronger.

Lenin told us that once the Communist party triumphed in our own land, the epoch of world revolution would begin, an epoch full of conflicts and wars, of victories and defeats—an epoch which would, in the end, lead to victory over the chief capitalistic countries.

This epoch covers a strategic period of years or even decades. In the course of this period, there must occur ebbs and flows in the revolutionary tide.

The communist revolution does not develop along a continuous and upward line, but along a zigzag

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path, by means of forward and backward marches. Our possibilities of success depend upon the relative strengths and weaknesses of friends and enemies abroad.

The weaknesses of the capitalistic world which we can use are its insuperable antagonisms—antagonisms which dominate the whole international situation.

The first group of antagonisms consists of those between the workers and the middle class in the capitalist countries; the second consists of those between imperialism and the liberation movement in colonies and dependent countries; the third consists of those between the war victors and the conquered countries; the fourth consists of those which have arisen among the victorious States; the fifth consists of those which have developed between the U.S.S.R. and the capitalist countries as a whole.

The trend of our foreign policy is determined by the conflicts and antagonisms of these five groups.

I.

[*The Korean War offers convincing proof that Soviet Russia has a long-range plan for attacking capitalism through its weakest point—the Far East.*]

In 1917, the weakest part of the capitalist world-front was Russia. Where is the front breakable next? Again at the weakest point. In India, there are young and combative revolutionaries allied with the powerful movement for liberation. The forces of the revolutionary movement in China are immeasurable. They have not yet come into anything like full operation, but the future will show how vast they are.

The immediate task confronting the revolutionary movement in colonial lands is (1) to win over the best elements among the workers to communism and to form independent communist parties; (2) to set up a nationalist and revolutionary coalition of workers, peasants, and revolutionary intellectuals; and (3) to guarantee that leadership of the revolutionary coalition shall be in the hands of the workers.

It is obvious that each of these countries will need separate treatment. We must study all the special characteristics of the revolutionary development in these lands, and must educate the students from these countries in such a way as to be sure they will fulfill all the tasks assigned to them.

II.

[*Even though America is investing billions in Europe under the Marshall Plan, Russia is convinced that capitalism abroad will inevitably collapse.*]

Our country, a vast domain with very extensive markets and enormous supplies of raw materials, has been detached from the capitalist system. The loss of one-sixth of the world signified for capitalist Europe a restriction of production and a profound disturbance. Meanwhile, the European powers are threatened with the loss of their most important hinterland, the colonies.

Europe has been compelled to increase the burden of taxation, and to make the condition of the workers much worse than before. The temporary stabilization of capitalism has been mainly effected with the aid of U. S. capital. The European countries, while continuing to exploit their own colonies, have themselves become financially de-

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pendent upon the U. S. Thus, the center of financial power in the capitalist world has been shifted from Europe to America.

III.

[*The recent history of internecine labor warfare in the U. S. reveals how cleverly communist agents use unions to achieve their revolutionary aims.*]

No country can, in these times, carry on war without the workers. If workers refuse to make war against our Soviet Republic, then such war becomes impossible.

Communists must go into the unions, work in them for five or more years if necessary—see to it that every communist, without exception, becomes a member of an appropriate trade union, there to work patiently and systematically for the solidarity of the working class in its fight against capitalism.

The support of our revolution by the workers of all lands, and, even more, by the victory of workers in a few countries at least, are indispensable preliminaries without which the final triumph of socialism cannot be assured. Should an attack on Russia materialize, we should be prepared to use every and any means in order to open the floodgates of revolution throughout the world, rallying the workers of capitalist countries and the people of colonial lands to the aid of the Soviet Union.

IV.

[*The fact that Communists try to take over American liberal organizations is not an accident; it is all part of Stalin's master plan.*]

How will we bring the masses of a nation into the communist program? We have fashioned a number of organizations without which we could not wage war on capitalism: trade unions, cooperatives, workshop committees, labor parties, women's associations, a labor press, educational leagues, youth societies.

As often as not, these are nonparty organizations and only a certain proportion of them are linked with the party. But under special conditions, every one of these organizations is necessary; for, lacking them, it is impossible to consolidate the class positions of the workers in the various spheres of the struggle.

There is a veritable ant heap of independent organizations, commissions, and committees comprising millions of nonparty members. Who decides upon the direction that all these organizations take? Where is the central unit of organization that wields sufficient authority to keep them within prescribed lines in order to achieve unity of command and to avoid confusion?

The central unit is the Communist party!

V.

[*Communists are always eager to support political "reforms," but their real purpose is not reform but the capture of America's apparatus of government.*]

Among the masses of the people, we communists, as Lenin said, are but drops in the ocean. We have a style of work that is peculiar to the practice of Leninism; it creates a special type of worker, a special type of party or State official, a special kind of style in public office.

Our task is to assign party members to the key points in the State apparatus, and to see to it that the

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apparatus is thus subjected to party leadership.

For the revolutionist, the Revolution is everything, and "reforms" are only a means to an end. What we are concerned with are not the reforms, but the uses they can be put to. A revolutionist may sponsor a "reform" because he sees in it a means for linking up constitutional action with unconstitutional action —because he feels he can make use of it as a screen behind which he can strengthen his secret work.

VI.

[*The natural radicalism of America's younger people, especially students, makes them a major target for communist indoctrination and manipulation.*]

What is our Youth technique? It is the education of young workers and young farmers in the spirit of Leninism, strengthening their conviction that our Workers' State is the base from which the revolution in all countries will develop. Young people must be inspired with confidence in the leadership of the Communist party of Russia.

Young communists must be active in all domains of socialist construction work—in industry, agriculture, cooperatives, educational organizations, and the like. It is essential that the young folk should learn that our revolution not be regarded as an end in itself, but as a means toward the victory of the proletarian revolution in all lands.

VII.

[*The communists encourage both monopolies and cooperatives under capitalism, because they can be more easily socialized than individual enterprises.*]

The measures for strengthening socialism are: State monopoly of foreign trade, agricultural taxes, State purchase and sale of agricultural production, and an all-embracing plan for nationalization of industry, transport, and credit.

The State and the cooperatives, as well as the capitalists, are "traders," and when they have learned how to trade, they will get the upper hand over private trade (they are doing so already!). Those who cannot understand this are not Leninists but liberals.

Great banks, as Lenin has said, are the State apparatus which we need for the realization of socialism, and which we take over ready-made from capitalism. When we do so, a unified State Bank of the most comprehensive kind, with branches in every district and factory, will control production as well as distribution of products.

No, we are not liberals. We put the interest of the Party above the interests of formal democracy. For us communists, formal democracy is a trifle.

VIII.

[*The performance of the Soviet delegates at the United Nations is proof of how Russia likes to talk about "peace," while actually promoting aggression.*]

We communists create slogans for the masses. Treaties embodying fresh groupings of forces with an eye to war are termed "peace treaties." The signing of them is always effected to the accompaniment of the pipings of "peaceful alliances." Our preparations for a war are conducted under cover of paeans to peace. The opposition will not accept our proposals: that shows how "genuine" is their love of peace.

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The Peace of Brest-Litovsk* is a model instance of this strategy. This "peace" enabled the party to take advantage of the discussions, to disintegrate the enemy forces, and to gather strength for an attack on the White Russians. Even the dullest have now come to see that the Peace of Brest-Litovsk was a concession which strengthened us while it wrecked the forces of international capitalism.

IX.

[*In Stalin's blueprint, war between Russia and the capitalistic world is inevitable: the only thing left to chance is the actual date of hostilities.*]

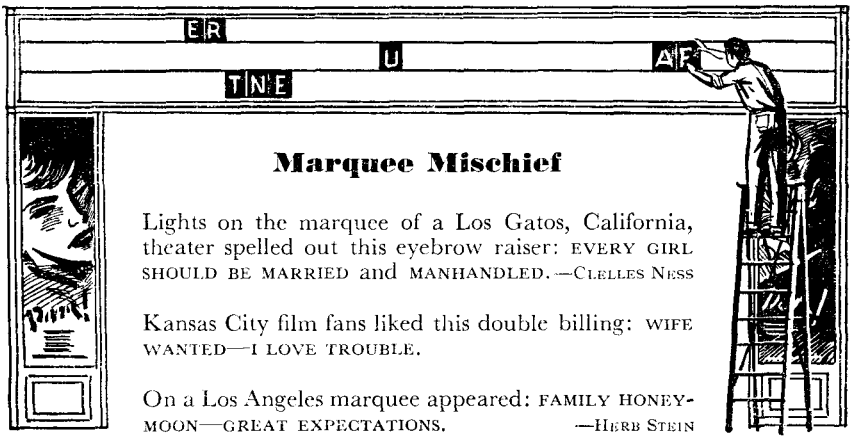
As Lenin has said, a terrible clash between Soviet Russia and the capitalist States must inevitably occur. The forces of united capitalism and all their military technique are a mighty power, a very real power. Therefore we must try to take the enemy by surprise, seize a moment when his forces are dispersed.

We may consider that the time is ripe for the decisive struggle when all the class forces arrayed against us are in a state of confusion; when all are sufficiently embroiled with each other and have been sufficiently weakened in combats; when all the vacillating elements have exposed themselves before the people and paraded their utter bankruptcy. The ruling classes must be in the throes of a major government crisis, so that the government is so enfeebled the revolutionists can speedily overthrow it.

It is inconceivable, as Lenin has written, that the Soviet Republic should continue to exist side by side with capitalist States. Ultimately one or the other must conquer. A conflict is inevitable.

The main forces of the revolution must, at the decisive moment, be concentrated for an attack on the enemy's most vulnerable spot, at a moment when conditions are ripe. Always we have a clear and precise aim towards which we strive, for one of the great merits of communism is that nothing is left to chance.

*The *Treaty of Brest-Litovsk* was signed March 3, 1918, between the new Bolshevik Government and the Central Powers (Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria) at Brest-Litovsk, Poland, and marked the withdrawal of Russia from World War I.



Marquee Mischief

Lights on the marquee of a Los Gatos, California, theater spelled out this eyebrow raiser: EVERY GIRL SHOULD BE MARRIED and MANHANDLED.—CLELLES NESS

Kansas City film fans liked this double billing: WIFE WANTED—I LOVE TROUBLE.

On a Los Angeles marquee appeared: FAMILY HONEYMOON—GREAT EXPECTATIONS. —HERB STEIN

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THE STANLEY WAY OF MAKING MONEY

by CLIVE HOWARD

Thousands of men and women helped write a spectacular American success story

IN RIDGEWOOD, NEW JERSEY, a young couple needed a new car, but the husband's salary as an aviation engineer had already been stretched to the limit.

"There ought to be some way I could help," the young wife said one evening. "If only I could get part-time work—something I could do at home."

With two small children to look after, and no business experience, the idea seemed hopeless. Then the woman remembered a party held at a friend's home a few weeks before. Forty women, all neighborhood housewives, had been invited. But instead of entertaining with bridge or small talk, the hostess had introduced a representative of the Stanley Home Products Company of Westfield, Massachusetts.

For the next hour the representative—a middle-aged woman—had demonstrated 50 different items—floor waxes, mops, home-permanent sets, dozens of brushes. As the demonstration went on, the guests wrote orders for needed items. It had struck the young wife as an easy and agreeable way to make a living. Now it began to look like a possible solution to the family budget problem.

A phone call put her in touch with the New Jersey sales office of Stanley. There she learned that all Stanley dealers are in business for themselves, buying the company's products at wholesale and selling at retail. But the company agreed to advance the merchandise the young woman would need to start.

Within a week she had arranged her first "Stanley Party." That night, she proudly counted her profit—$25. Even more important, her first party had also yielded, from among 30 women guests, two who agreed to serve as hostesses the following week.

Five weeks after starting, the in-

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experienced housewife was booking three or four Stanley parties a week, and earning $200 a month. When two parties happened to be scheduled for the same evening, the husband agreed to serve as an extra demonstrator. In that one hour, he earned more than his day's pay as an engineer.

The husband quit his job and went into business with his wife. Today their joint earnings average about $800 a month. They have a new car—and the independence of being in business for themselves.

The story of the New Jersey couple is but one of thousands which have helped to make Stanley Home Products one of the most spectacular successes in all industry. On any weekday, at least 10,000 Stanley parties will be taking place in American homes. In 1949 the company's 17,000 dealers, many of them women working only part-time, collected an estimated $66,000,000.

Stanley's success offers spectacular proof of the truth of two adages: that it is never too late to begin, and that there is no time like the present, regardless of the outlook.

The year 1931, for instance, was one of the most dismal years of the Depression. Certainly, it was no time to start a new business. Yet, in 1931, Frank Stanley Beveridge had simultaneously reached a position and an age when most men begin planning retirement. He was 50 and a sales executive for one of the country's biggest hosiery mills.

But Beveridge had a great dream —a business of his own where he could test some of his unique ideas about management. Late in 1931, Beveridge quit his job and rented the first floor of an old tobacco shed in Westfield. There, with a staff of six men and women, whom he called "associates" instead of employees, Beveridge began making brushes, mops, household chemicals.

The 1933 bank holiday almost put the tiny company out of business. The first batch of chemicals was mixed in a household washing machine. In winter, the unheated shed grew so cold that two women on the staff—a secretary and an office manager—worked in overcoats. And at Christmas, Beveridge gave each of the staff the only present the company could afford —a Stanley clothesbrush.

Now, 19 years later, 900 production people work in Stanley's new five-story factory, making 150 different housekeeping aids. Astronomical numbers of toothbrushes, household brushes, cleaning chemicals, and almost a dozen different types of mops, pour out of the factory. Scattered through the U.S. and Canada, Stanley maintains 15 distribution stations where local dealers purchase merchandise.

No one could possibly compute how many medical operations have been paid for, homes and cars bought, children sent through college, by men and women working as part-time Stanley dealers.

Many full-time dealers—women as well as men—earn monthly incomes well up in four figures. Also in the ranks are scores of husband-and-wife teams, many of whom earn $2,000 a month.

Today, at 70, Mr. Bev—as he is affectionately called by all Stanley people—is one of America's most successful businessmen. His associates, including factory workers, share in the company's profits;

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they also have a big voice in how the company is operated.

Miss Catherine L. O'Brien, who started with Mr. Bev in 1931, has become one of the most successful women in all industry. A tiny, pleasant woman, Miss O'Brien sold brushes, dresses, and other items from door to door during the Depression, before becoming Mr. Bev's first office manager. While he concentrated on ways to sell products, she developed methods for manufacturing and distributing them. Today, she is Stanley's executive vice-president, general manager, and treasurer.

Another Stanley executive, in the first year of the company's existence, pawned his own and his wife's jewelry to get a start as a dealer. Now he owns a $75,000 home and a horse-breeding farm in Kentucky.

For Mr. Bev, the success of Stanley rounds out a Horatio Alger story which even Hollywood might discard as unbelievable. A gangling, painfully shy youth, Beveridge arrived in the U.S. from Nova Scotia at 19. His passage had been paid for out of funds earned at odd jobs—one of which was netting small fish in the Bay of Fundy to sell as bait.

His destination was the Mt. Hermon School in Northfield, Massachusetts, run by the great evangelist-educator Dwight Moody. Beveridge went to the school to study horticulture, but at the end of his first year he got a vacation job selling stereopticon views for the famous old photographic firm of Underwood & Underwood.

What young Frank lacked in experience he made up for in determination, and soon he was ringing doorbells in small communities, selling views ranging from Niagara Falls to the Vatican in Rome. Later, he was a peddler in the Adirondack region of New York State, selling items out of a pack carried on his shoulders.

In 1913, when he was 33, Beveridge went to work for the Fuller Brush Company, and helped organize the sales force that made the Fuller Man a familiar sight on American doorsteps. Today, Mr. Bev is wealthy, but he would probably win any contest for the least pretentious rich man. With his wife, a former schoolteacher, he lives in a modest home two miles from the company's office in Westfield. Mrs. Beveridge, a slim, alert, gray-haired woman, does much of the cooking and housework.

On warm evenings and week ends, Mr. Bev can usually be found working in his garden, his costume consisting of well-worn work clothes. One afternoon a few years ago, a wealthy Westfield dowager happened to wander into his garden. A little later, she came back to the house and said breathlessly, "My, what a wonderful gardener you have! He's so educated and polite."

"You may as well know the truth," said Mr. Bev's daughter with a sigh. "That was Father."

IN ALL THE 19-year history of Stanley Products, few people have been fired. Mr. Bev never gives up on one of his associates. "The man," he says, "is more important than the plan." If a worker fails at one job, he is given a fresh start in another.

One man failed miserably as a helper loading trucks. He did no better as an office clerk or as a

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Stanley dealer. Today, he is doing a great job as assistant to one of the company's top executives.

Several years ago a newly appointed personnel manager decided the factory needed the services of a full-time nurse. He spent hours compiling a ten-page report, listing all the reasons for his decision. Then he went to see Mr. Bev.

"I think we need a nurse at the factory," he blurted nervously. Before he could even reach into his pocket for the report, Mr. Bev replied, "That's a wonderful idea. Will one be enough?"

In 1947, Beveridge decided to move all his manufacturing, until then scattered through 17 buildings in Westfield, into one main factory at Easthampton. Although he made the move when jobs were plentiful, and many factory people now had a 25-mile daily round trip, not a person quit.

At the factory, the atmosphere is friendly and relaxed. A visitor touring the building with an executive soon notices that the executive knows every worker by his first name and is called by his own first name in turn. Even an outsider is likely to catch the Stanley enthusiasm—especially if he happens to talk with Mr. Bev. One summer, a clerk in a local hardware store delivered a lawnmower to the Beveridge home. They fell into a long conversation about Mr. Bev's philosophies. About a week later the man was at the factory, applying for a job. Today he is the manager of one of the company's 15 distribution stations.

Another man owned a small plant which sold materials to Stanley. After several business trips to Westfield, he went to Mr. Bev with an idea. "Why don't you buy my business," he proposed, "so I can work for Stanley?" Now he is a member of the group that plans the company's technical developments.

"When I owned my own business," this man told me, "I had independence and security. I have the same things here—and a lot more besides. This is a kind of Utopia for any man who works for a living."

And thanks to Beveridge, who didn't let either advancing age or a depression stand in his way, thousands of other people have discovered the same Utopia. The best proof lies in the company's sales records. Already it is a safe prediction that their 1949 sales record will be broken when the 1950 figures are compiled.

Courtesy Plus

"DID YOU GET HOME all right last night, sir?" the streetcar conductor asked one of his regular passengers solicitously.

"Of course. Why do you ask?"

"Well, when you got up and gave the lady your seat you were the only two people in the car." —*Life Aetna-Izer*

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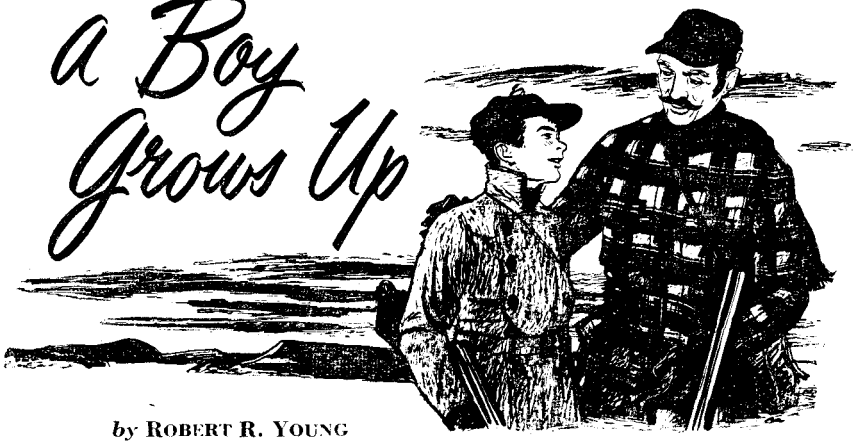
a Boy Grows Up



by ROBERT R. YOUNG

The author of this article—the noted railroad magnate and financier—is not ordinarily a contributor to magazines. In this case, however, he was tempted to write by a haunting childhood memory, which he conveys here with feeling and sincerity. —THE EDITORS.

A TIGHT LITTLE FEELING grew in my middle as the train swung around the last bend—and there on the hill, across the dawn-tinted river valley, was home, the little cow town of Canadian, Texas. My mother would not be there to greet me. She had died six months before, and now, 15 years old and in my first year at boarding school, I was going to spend Christmas vacation alone with my father.

My heart sank at the thought, for he had always been an awe-inspiring figure, a dispenser of sternly impartial justice. "Christmas without mother!" I whispered. And again I experienced the hopeless feeling of her loss, and a perverse and childish determination to hold on to grief and not to let anyone—least of all my father—lure me from it.

The conductor's voice—calling "Canadian. Canadian!"—aroused me. Glancing out the window, I saw a familiar black-clad form on the platform, and nerved myself to meet my father and to reject any friendly overtures—though I doubted that he would make any.

In this last thought, as it turned out, I was mistaken. After a silent, constrained ride to our home, he took my bags to my room and then, putting his arm about my shoulders, said: "You and I are going up to Horse Creek Ranch to shoot a goose for Christmas dinner. Ben Tepe has cut some goose profiles out of sheet metal and painted them, and the geese get into each others' way coming into the decoys!"

This was his first acceptance of me as a hunting companion and so, in a sense, a great honor. But I merely answered, "Yes, sir," turning away to show that my friendship was not to be won so easily.

That afternoon the three of us crowded into Ben's buggy, and drove to the beloved meadow lands

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along the Canadian River, now gray and dead, and then to the ranch house where we spent the night. Long before daybreak we were up again, to put away a breakfast of sausages, eggs, and batter bread. Then, in the icy dark, we found our way up the slope to the cornfield. In the middle of the field we pushed 30 or 40 of Ben's newfangled goose profiles into the frozen earth and snuggled ourselves into corn shocks, forming a triangle.

Soon I heard Ben shout, "Careful, boy!" Etched against the morning light, there came a flock of about 20 geese, company front. The birds listed sharply and swung around in a cluster to slip into our decoys, up wind. A rush of air beat full on my face as a great gander braked down to light upon the very corn shock I was in, and then scrambled up, up into the sky.

Suddenly I realized I had heard no shots from either Ben or my father, and in the same moment I knew why. They were waiting for me to shoot first! It was a great courtesy to pay a boy, and a feeling of warmth and pride spread through me.

All morning, the hungry geese fought their way into the field from the river in tens and twenties. The shooting was easy, and there was no game limit. Suddenly I heard my father's voice at my side: "We have plenty of geese, boy. Wouldn't you like to try something else now?"

It is hard now to reproduce, to feel again, the meaning of that moment. I think we both knew that the barriers which always had separated us were down at last. No longer were we disciplinarian and disciplinee; or, for that matter, no longer father and son. We were two separate individuals, meeting on the common ground of sportsmanship. And all at once I understood that the feeling of loss, which had seemed so uniquely mine, was shared by us—and equally, too.

Once more I said, "Yes, sir," and turned away, but now the words were infused with understanding and comradeship.

The afternoon was spent working the plum thickets and hills for quail and prairie chicken, so we were quite ready for the savory Christmas dinner that was served up in the ranch-house kitchen. Stuffed, tired, and happy, I relaxed in a big rocker, nodding to the drone of the men's voices, talking of the old days.

An hour later, almost asleep on my feet, I undressed in a cold and bare room. But with a pleasant glow I crawled between the icy sheets, for a newfound friend was calling up to me.

"Good night, boy. . . ."

At that moment, I realized that I had left my childish years behind me—forever.

B for Radios

EARL WRIGHTSON, the singer, has a hint for folks whose neighbors keep their radios on full blast until 1 A.M.

"Give them a ring at 4 A.M.," he suggests, "and tell them how much you enjoyed it." —LARRY WOLTERS

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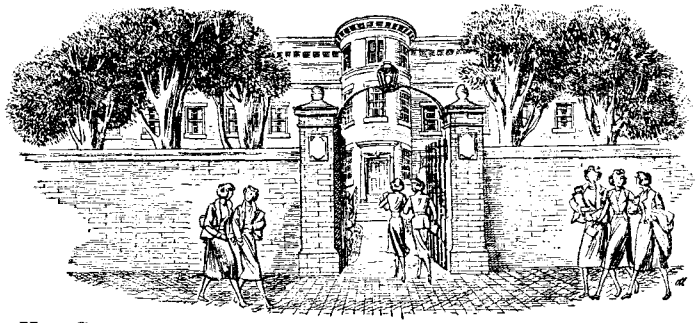
The Radcliffe Story



by HAL CLANCY

A unique women's college has everything anyone else has to offer—plus Harvard!

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL colleges for women in the United States is Radcliffe College, at Cambridge, Massachusetts. A mixture of dignity, puckish fun, and intellectual attainments without peer, Radcliffe is truly unique.

Today, flushed with a victory unparalleled in educational history, the college can be forgiven if it seems to gloat a bit. It has just won a 71-year fight to give women a Harvard education. Now even Radcliffe freshmen sit in royal splendor beside Crimson men in *their* classrooms; and when a Radcliffe girl graduates, her degree is approved by Harvard.

Having suffered the criticism and indignities which only Harvard's famed newspaper, the *Crimson*, could display, the college has emerged with a personality delightful to behold. Cocky as a country dweller who has won superiority over a city cousin, it enjoins its girls to dress like girls, act like girls, be modern, smoke, and make eyes at their Harvard brothers. Then it takes them to task in a set of old-fashioned rules that would give Queen Victoria a jolt. It is all delightful, provocative—and as complex as a female.

Radcliffe can afford to be superior, for the college *is now Harvard itself, in nearly every sense of the word.* Any student may take any course at Harvard, attend any class, from freshman to senior. Her degrees, cherished attainments in the women's educational world, are the equivalent of Harvard degrees. And because Radcliffe women and Harvard men have the same professors, and take the same courses and exams in the same classrooms, Radcliffe in a sense has made Harvard coeducational, while remaining non-coed herself.

Physically, Radcliffe is an all-girl school of 970 undergraduate and 300 graduate students. Its dormitories, its 25 brick and frame

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buildings, sprawl across 16 acres in the Harvard Square section of Cambridge, but it all belongs to Radcliffe.

The college offers all the advantages in size, tuition, and educational ideals available at any other girls' school, but there the similarity ends. Like the gob of whipped cream on top of a sundae, Radcliffe tosses in Harvard.

IF IT WANTED, Radcliffe could afford to toot a very large horn; but the scars of battle with the *Crimson* have hardly had time to heal. The campaign that started back in 1879, when the girls decided to invade the holy precincts of all-male Harvard, has been one of the most amusing, astounding, intricate, and confusing educational battles of the century.

Even when scorned, humiliated, and in dire poverty, the females gained ground and held on with tenacity. And in all fairness to the ladies of the uncommon school on the Common, they deserve credit for showing better sportsmanship than their Harvard brothers.

The struggle was started one day in a very casual manner by a lady with little money but a whopping ambition. Mrs. Arthur Gilman was sitting in her parlor in 1876, concentrating on her intelligent daughter. Suddenly she looked up at her husband and said: "Isn't it a pity Grace can't go to Harvard?"

Arthur Gilman, an educator himself and principal of the Cambridge School for Girls, thought indeed it *was* a pity.

"Suppose," Gilman mused, "we find a number of ladies wanting to get the same education that men have and I tell them I will arrange a course exactly the same as that Harvard offers to men—and then get Harvard professors to give the instruction . . . "

Mrs. Gilman was delighted. So the Gilmans and their friends began collecting funds to finance the dream. The president of Harvard, Charles W. Eliot, said he could see "no objection"—but some of his faculty did.

When Harvard professors were approached about teaching the girls, those who needed extra funds reluctantly agreed to march across the Common and set up classes. But those with ample means set up a howl. When the noted English professor, Charles Townsend Copeland, was asked to teach argument at Radcliffe, he exploded.

"How deplorable for women to become apt in argument!" Copeland shuddered. "We cannot obliterate a natural tendency, but why cultivate it?"

In due time, however, he too was teaching across the Common.

Criticism meant nothing to the enthusiastic Radcliffe pioneers, and soon the girls, living in rented rooms and possessing more courage than money, picked up and moved into Fay House, which had formerly been populated with Harvard people. Here the Lowells and Channings had resided, here the famous Crimson song, *Fair Harvard*, had been written by the Rev. Samuel Gilman at Harvard's 200th anniversary celebration.

By 1894, the study group inched a little closer to their reluctant brother by taking the name of Radcliffe College, in honor of Lady Mowlson, *nee* Ann Radcliffe. This,

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too, bore a Harvard connection, since Ann Radcliffe had presented a $500 scholarship to Harvard more than a century before the American Revolution.

It was about this time, too, that a Harvard alumnus learned that Radcliffe's President Elizabeth Cary Agassiz (Ag-a-see) was trying to work out an agreement with Harvard which would permit Radcliffe to confer degrees. The old grad became so incensed that he resigned from the Harvard Club and wrote letters to newspapers, saying he would send his son to Yale.

The battle was on. Harvard undergraduates went into a lather of excitement. The alumni were aghast. The issue finally became so heated that it landed before the Massachusetts legislative committee on education.

The house was packed. Grim-faced opponents of Radcliffe jammed the State House. By voting time, the odds were 100-to-one against Radcliffe. Then a great lady rose to her feet and calmly looked over the hostile gallery. For ten minutes, President Agassiz spoke to a hushed audience. Her summation was a gem of logical oratory, but it was her rapier-quick wit that won the day.

When she had finished, the committee chairman jumped to his feet and said: "I'd like to do anything that lady wants me to."

The bill of charter was passed. The Governor's signature empowered Radcliffe to confer degrees. But the big victory was contained in the clause, "*provided they were approved by Harvard.*"

Despite the great victory, however, the battle had just started. Radcliffe must still go begging for professors, still plead for its girls to enter forbidden courses. However, the college had courage—and uncompromising persistence.

The story is told of a certain tea party in the environs of Boston, held by a group of ladies bent on raising more money for the forlorn outsiders. One latecomer hurried in breathless and exclaimed: "Isn't it wonderful! The trolley line that old Professor So-and-So invested all his money in has gone bankrupt."

Somewhat aghast, one lady asked why she was so gleeful.

"But don't you see?" said the smiling old lady. "Now the old goat will *have* to teach English 2-B!"

In a way, her pleasure was justified, for Radcliffe was still dependent on the willingness of Harvard professors, rather than having a choice of who was best fitted to teach the courses. This situation had its hilarious aspects. Professors would deliver their lecture to a Harvard class, then sprint across the Common to repeat the same lecture to a group of females. One dignified savant, addicted to long overcoats and a flowing beard, presented a comical picture as he cruised back and forth across the Common on a red bicycle.

When the situation became more and more difficult, some professors decided to try experiments in joint instruction—to let the girls come over to sit in Harvard classrooms. A woman monitor would assemble the girls at the Radcliffe gate, form them into a double line, then march them into Harvard.

To the delight of campus wits, a notice was posted on the bulletin board, announcing: "Each Rad-

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cliffe student reporting to a class at Harvard will be required to show a pink slip to the instructor."

The campus battle ranged from comedy to tragedy. Harvard undergraduates let loose with the only weapon at their command, ridicule, and the *Crimson* never waxed hotter. The girls, it said, were "aesthetically speaking, nonentities." Each year, the girls could look forward to the annual warning to incoming freshmen that Cambridge trees were laden with "Cliffdwellers," waiting to pounce on undergraduates and drag them to the handiest altar.

What were the girls doing about all this? Well, a sinner is not debarred from worship, and the children of Radcliffe had a very real adoration for Harvard. So they accepted the crumbs, and even when the *Crimson* sniped with bitter condemnation, the girls adopted the time-tested method of remaining aloof. They worked hard; and finally they won grudging recognition from Harvard men and professors as good scholars.

And when the great day of emancipation came, brought on by World War II, Radcliffe girls were ready. The college was accepted to full joint instruction. The news broke in 1943. Boston papers buried war stories to headline: "Harvard Goes Coeducational."

To prevent hysteria in the Harvard Club and among 11,000 students, the University testily explained the "arrangement" was a war measure—and still clung to a semblance of restriction by barring Radcliffe freshmen. However, the deed was done; there could be no retreat. By 1947, the "arrangement" had worked so smoothly that a return to prewar "normality" was undesirable. By 1950, the final capitulation came with the acceptance of freshmen.

NOW THE GIRLS WERE in the saddle, but they retaliated with good sportsmanship. Through their harsh times, they had grown from 27 girls to 1,270 students. Among them were some of the most beautiful, charming, intelligent, and witty students of any campus.

True, in many respects the girls held a higher intelligence rating than would be found among some colleges, but no one could deny them a sense of humor and a large slice of independence. In a little red book—the student's guide to Radcliffe College—are set forth the rules of feminine decorum.

In reply to a Harvard denunciation of the appearance of Radcliffe girls, it remarks: "Radcliffe girls ought to look like ladies; *it is imperative that they be recognized as Girls.*" It goes on with tongue-in-cheek: "We know that beauty is only skin deep, but you don't have to look as though you lived only for things of the mind."

With quiet dignity it tells the girls: "Certain rules for behavior at Harvard must not be broken. No slacks, no shorts, no blue jeans. No sprawling in the buildings or on the steps. No bicycle riding in the Harvard Yard . . . no smoking in any Harvard building."

Today, the modern, sought-after Radcliffe girl has come into her own—and not alone in the full glory of equal participation in Harvard's intellectual activities. She has won her man, lock, stock, and barrel. A survey of Radcliffe this year re-

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vealed 10 per cent of the students are married—and more than 50 per cent of them to Harvard men.

Notable Radcliffe alumnae include Helen Keller and Gertrude Stein; Muriel Roscoe, warden of Royal Victoria College; and Isabel Wingate, first woman in 118 years to be appointed to New York University's Senate.

None of Radcliffe's graduates has gone begging for a job, and in their chosen fields they have added a versatility to the whole field of vocations for women. You will find them running cattle ranches; composing symphonic music; hiring personnel for the world's largest stores; holding executive positions in the world's largest firms. There are, too, among them editors, scientists, artists, lawyers, curators, even astronomers such as Mrs. Cecelia Payne-Gaposchkin of Harvard Observatory.

Radcliffe's "different flavor" attracts girls from every walk of life in America and from every country of the world. They come from families with incomes as low as $2,500 a year; they come from the nation's wealthiest families.

All students are encouraged to work to help earn their tuition. Last year they filled 1,826 paid jobs, including tutoring, office work, waitressing, child care (day), and baby-sitting (night).

Three to five hours weekly, they clean dormitory rooms, wait on tables, dry dishes, operate switchboards—all gratis. As Dean of Instruction, Mrs. Wilma A. Kerby-Miller says: "Although it was an economy measure, it also develops self-discipline, teaches the importance of doing cheerfully things one doesn't especially enjoy."

Radcliffe, this year, is starting out on what may be the greatest era in women's educational opportunities. Its current endowment of $7,982,721 is just a drop in the bucket to what its President, Wilbur Kitchener Jordan, and interested friends expect of it.

As for the girls themselves, they haven't a worry. The once maligned Cliffdweller has lived to see the *Crimson* surrender in boldface type: "Radcliffe, being just across the street, is by far the best deal for those lucky members of '53 who get there mostest with the bestest . . . "

The Radcliffe girl could afford to be smug. But like a certain famous painting, she merely smiles in a beguiling way.

Real Responsibility

GOOD PUBLIC RELATIONS: the midtown parking lot that puts this pink sticker on your windshield when conditions warrant:

"BAD BRAKES—WATCH OUT!"

And then refuses to give you the name of any brake repairman for fear you will think the lot has a tie-in. It hasn't, but it does have a sense of responsibility to its public.

—IRVING HOFFMAN

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THE CAT WITH THE *Crimson* EYES

by KEN KRIPPENE

It holds the key to the mysterious disappearance of a pair of priceless gems

SOMEWHERE ON THE LOOSE in these United States are two matched, blood-red rubies worth a king's ransom. Here is a lost treasure which could be in an old trunk in your own attic—or in the very room in which you are sitting!

The history of these rubies is a story of blood, murder, and theft. Their origin is lost in antiquity, but they first were known to have been the eyes of a pagan statue in a Korean temple, dating back to the year 167 A.D. During this era the rubies became known as "The Eyes." Then, in the tenth century, Korea suffered a bloody revolution, and The Eyes disappeared.

They appeared next in Turkey in the possession of Suleiman the Magnificent, Sultan of the Ottoman Empire from 1520 to 1566. Suleiman, so the story goes, fell madly in love with an unemotional blonde from Britain. Hoping to win her over to harem life, the Sultan presented her with the rubies. She took one look at the blood-red jewels and decided to let her emotions thaw. Her decision proved to be her death sentence. Less than six months later, someone entered the harem at night, strangled the sleeping girl, and escaped with the rubies.

Years later, The Eyes reappeared in the magnificent court of Louis XV of France, who placed the jewels around the lovely neck of the beautiful Madame Pompadour, his extravagant mistress. When the ministers objected to the enormous price the King had paid for the rubies, Pompadour laughingly replied, "After us, the deluge." Her prediction was not far wrong. Before the end of the Seven Years' War, she sold the jewels to a Russian nobleman in order to help finance the tottering French monarchy.

What happened to The Eyes in Russia is unknown, but in 1894, Klaus Gudden, a notorious German gem thief, acquired them. The efficient German police soon learned

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about the jewels and set a dragnet for him. Finally, Klaus was spotted in the Berlin industrial district, and a guard was posted in the hope he would return.

A few days after, the thief did return, and police closed in. After a chase over rooftops, Gudden was dropped by a fusillade of bullets. But when they searched the body, the rubies were gone.

Three years later, an English gem collector named Michael Graves decided to try picking up the trail of The Eyes, and began a store-to-store, factory-to-factory survey of the neighborhood in which Gudden had met death.

One day he came to a little ceramic factory. He showed a picture of Gudden to the proprietor and asked if he had ever seen the man.

To Graves' amazement, the factory owner said that Gudden had ordered the figure of a cat specially prepared and glazed. Gudden had examined it carefully while it was still wet and soft from the mold. After the price had been settled, he placed a small "X" on the underside of the body to identify it, and departed, promising to return for it within a week.

Now Graves knew what had happened to the precious gems. Gudden had hidden them in the soft clay!

Graves asked to buy the cat, but the ceramic-maker shook his head. No, when Gudden failed to return, he had shipped the cat, with hundreds of others, to America.

A few days later, Graves left for America to trace the "Cat with the Crimson Eyes." But the intervening years had made the search almost impossibly difficult. Someone had purchased the cat, never knowing that within its clay body were two rubies worth $500,000.

Lest treasure hunters reading this story start breaking anything faintly resembling a cat, let me reiterate the clues which one must find before going into the cat-wrecking business.

The Cat with the Crimson Eyes is exactly eight inches high from the base to the tip of its ears. It has a small "X" on its underside. The animal is in a lying position with its tail wrapped around its forepaws.

Remember, the ruby-eyed cat is now more than 50 years old and will bear evidences of age. Fine cracks will be apparent on its body glaze. Its color, originally yellow, will have become darkened.

To the lucky treasure hunter who will one day find this fabulous cat will come a rich reward. And yet, it is just possible that this reward may already have been collected.

A few years ago in Kentucky occurred one of the most mysterious murders in American crime annals. One morning, the caretaker of a small cemetery found the body of a man, obviously a foreigner, who had been clawed to death by a wild animal. And near-by on the ground lay the broken figure of a glazed cat!

During a recent Texas flood, this caption appeared in one of

the local papers: "Real Estate On Move Again."

—Anthony J. Pettito

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YOUR Place in the Stock Market

by SAM SHULSKY

If you have some idle dollars to invest, you can own a share of American business and keep up with the high cost of living

TODAY, MORE THAN ever before, the average man's greatest opportunity for increasing his capital and adding to his income lies in the stock market.

As a matter of fact, with present high taxes on his income and low interest on his savings, it is just about the only place left. For him, the old-fashioned question: "Dare I put my money into stocks?" has now been changed to: "Can I afford not to own a share of American business?"

Here are the three important factors which have brought about this change:

1. The stock market of today operates in a glass bowl and is policed continually by government and the financial industry itself. The entire business is now geared to serving the small investor. It is as far removed from the high-flying "make-a-million" market of the '20s as is Beethoven from bebop.

2. It is the safest and most convenient medium for making profits which are taxable at only one-half the rate of your other income, and *never at more than 25 per cent*, no matter how high your tax bracket.

3. The stock market is the safest and most convenient medium for investing your *extra* dollars so that they can earn a return high enough to keep step with today's high cost of living.

Adding to capital today is as much a problem of keeping the money after taxes as making it in the first place. Suppose your salary were suddenly upped $5,000 a year, or you received a bonus of that amount. You might keep as much as $4,000 of it. Or then, again, only a mere $500, depending upon your tax bracket. But if you made the

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$5,000 as a profit on a stock-market investment of more than six months' duration, you would keep as much as $4,585, and never less than $3,750, no matter how high your tax bracket. The reason: taxes take from 17 to 87 per cent of your income, but only 8 to 25 per cent of your profits on investments of more than six months.

So much for adding to your capital. What about putting *extra* dollars to work for you?

The case histories of Don Taylor, who has a job at the phone company, and Elmer Hayes, who runs a grocery, are typical of the ways Americans save their money and put it out to work.

Taylor decided back in 1929 that he was going to put an extra $500 a year into the savings bank and spend only the interest. In the 21 years since then, he has faithfully deposited $500 annually. His interest, of course, has been assured even though varied—all the way from nearly 4½ per cent in 1930 to a low of 1⅔ per cent in 1946. Today, Taylor has a savings account of $10,500 and has had $2,275.50 in interest to spend over the years.

Hayes, on the other hand, decided to buy about $500 worth of General Motors stock every year. In all, he invested $10,612, for which he now owns 520 shares, worth $27,500 at recent prices. And in the last 21 years he has received total dividends of $10,685.55!

Does this mean that this article recommends "Let's all play the stock market," the pastime which brought financial havoc to millions and nearly wrecked our economy some 20 years ago? Far from it!

What *is* being recommended here is the *investment of surplus money* as a means of increasing capital and of using savings more advantageously to meet higher costs of living.

THROUGH CRASH, depression, and war boom, Americans have learned three important lessons about money. They all point to the *sober* use of the stock market by people of moderate means.

First, there is no magic road to quick riches. Second, taxes have become the burden of *all* classes in our society. Third, dollars are only a variable measuring stick when providing for one's future.

The first two lessons are closely tied together. While it is true that today's stock market is carefully regulated, it is really the heavy hand of taxes that sets the brake against a speculator in flashy deals. Why? Because a profit made *in less than six months* is taxed at full rates.

Finally, what about the dollars themselves—the end product of all your work and hopes? No currency is safe from change, whether by governmental decree or by pressure of the natural law of supply and demand. Sometimes these changes come dramatically as when, last year, Britishers awoke one morning to find their pound sterling would buy only $2.80 in world goods, whereas the day before it had a value of $4.03. More often, however, the change is less noticeable, even though every bit as effective.

Americans who put $750 into government savings bonds in 1940 will collect $1,000 this year. But the $750 they invested in 1940 would have bought a small car then, while the $1,000 they get back today will

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Wall Street Goes to the Fair

IN THE SUMMER of 1949, at the County Fair in Morristown, New Jersey, young married couples, elderly married couples, farmers, laborers, men and women in all walks of life, learned for the first time how money can be put to work to build independence. The educational process began with an idea conceived by Lloyd Birchard, a partner in the Cleveland brokerage firm of Prescott & Co.

"If the grass-roots people of this area won't come to a brokerage office, let's take our office to the grass roots," he said to his partners. "There's a Flower Show here next week. Why don't we open a booth and sell securities, just as weed-killers, seeds, and garden appliances are merchandised—with simple words, pretty pictures, and gadgets? Let's take the mystery out of investment securities."

The public response astounded the investment fraternity all over the nation. For, of 169,000 people who attended Cleveland's Flower Show, more than 17,000 visited the Prescott booth. And they learned that it's just as easy to buy a security as a loaf of bread.

Newspapers picked up the story, and other brokers and investment dealers followed the Prescott lead, including Reynolds & Co. at the Morristown County Fair; E. F. Hutton & Co. at the Los Angeles County Fair; and Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane at the Wisconsin State Fair.

Clearly, Wall Street has finally learned how to do an educational job on a national scale. Wall Street will profit, obviously, through the widening interest in investment securities. And the new army of investors will profit, too, through learning how to put their surplus money to work. —RAYMOND TRIGGER

buy little more than half a car. So when you plan on saving dollars, stop and think what they may buy when you come to spend them.

Think of bachelor John Cabot, a commercial artist who for years has been putting all his savings into an insurance annuity against the day when he could retire. He figured if he could accumulate enough money to return $75 a month, he could get by. But now, as he approaches the last payments on his contract, he sees the purchasing power of $75 melting to the point where it will barely buy food.

Cabot will have to keep on working. With millions of older people living on annuities, bond and mortgage interest, and pensions, he has discovered that planning in terms of dollars is not enough.

To other millions of Americans who are looking ahead, this problem points to only one solution. They must shift their thinking from acquiring *dollars* to ownership of *things* which go up in value and yield as the buying power of the dollar goes down.

The great advantage of buying dividend-paying common stocks is that you *buy the management* of the business along with a share of the profits. As a stockholder, your investment is not counted in dollars

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at all, but in machinery, plants, patents, management, good will, and all the other things which make up a modern corporation. And since a corporation makes and sells things, the value of your share of the business (as well as your income from it), will tend to keep step with rising prices.

Grocer Hayes, for example, received only $88.75 in dividends in 1932 on the 71 shares of GM he then owned—by no means a sensational return on the $2,020 he had invested. (Taylor got almost as much—$74.20—from his savings account.) But the dollar went a long way in 1932. Last year, however, when living costs were the highest in history, Hayes' dividend check read $2,080. Taylor's bank account returned only $194.25—at a little less than two per cent.

Now let's examine the years 1946 to 1949, when the dollar's buying power was going steadily downhill. During those four years, $1,000 in the bank would have yielded $15 to $20 a year. But the dividends from $1,000 worth of General Electric stock would have given you increasing comfort in the battle against high costs. This is how GE's dividends rose to the occasion: 1946, $33; 1947, $44; 1948, $45; and 1949, $51.

Procter & Gamble would have paid this way for $1,000 invested: in 1946, $30; 1947, $32; 1948, $43; and 1949, $46. And U.S. Steel would have helped you by boosting payments this way: $49, $56, $64, and $71. Dividend payments by 30 leading stocks on the N. Y. Stock Exchange last year were more than double those of 1939, thus more than making up to their owners for the one-third drop in the dollar's purchasing power.

You say: "But wouldn't I have been taking a risk in buying GM, GE, Procter & Gamble, and Steel?"

Answer: "Absolutely!" Risk is involved in the ownership of anything. But at least Hayes and his fellow stockholders got more dollars when more dollars were needed.

Increasing numbers of small earners are learning this lesson. One of the larger stock-exchange firms now finds that more than half its customers have incomes of less than $7,500. One-half of all its transactions involve sums of less than $1,000. Wall Street welcomes these accounts, as witness the statement of Emil Schram, president of the New York Stock Exchange:

"The most successful brokers largely ignore the rich and direct their approach toward prospects of moderate income. A business which formerly depended on the small group of millionaires has been turned into one interested in the average person. The rich man's burden—high taxes—has created the poor man's opportunity."

The moderate wage earners have not been slow to discover the truth of Schram's argument. In 1929, 48 representative companies listed on the Stock Exchange had 1,648,000 stockholders; today, they have more than 4,000,000. Of 13,810,000 separate investments in 710 widely owned companies, more than half have a value of $500 or less; 90 per cent are worth less than $5,000.

IF THE STOCK MARKET represents today's best medium for combating inflation, does it follow that everyone should jump into it? Not

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at all. Only one kind of money—*surplus dollars*—should be used.

Grocer Hayes, for example, would have been in a sad fix if he had put his last dollar into stocks, only to find, in the Depression year of 1932, that he had no emergency fund to pay for his wife's operation. (General Motors went as low as $7.62½ a share that year.)

The elder J. P. Morgan made only one market forecast: "Stocks will fluctuate." That means your $1,000 investment may be worth $1,500 one month, but only $700 three months later. If you are forced to sell out at the $700 price, you had no business in the market in the first place.

Money put into securities must be money left over after making the customary "super-safe" investments—sufficient cash in the bank for emergencies; insurance to protect the family; some government bonds which provide a safe call on a certain number of dollars.

What stocks should the average man buy with his surplus money? He must start with the general idea that he will invest only in corporations that he has reason to believe, from their records, are well-managed and promise to keep step with America's progress. They must be well-established enterprises, with long records of dividend payments.

Take the case of George Craig, who edits a children's magazine. One day his bank account crossed the $1,500 mark and he decided it was wasteful to keep that much around at two per cent. What with life and health insurance and government bonds to help him through emergencies, $1,000 in cash was more than ample.

He chose a stock broker much the same way he would a lawyer or doctor—by asking the advice of friends, talking to his Better Business Bureau and his bank. Then he laid the matter before him.

After looking over the broker's list of suggestions and deciding how much risk he was willing to take, he bought ten shares of Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing. That cost him $600 and is now yielding $26 in dividends.

A few months later, some extra money from the sale of a book went into five more shares. Thereafter, three or four times a year, Craig found himself dropping into his broker's office. After he had accumulated 25 shares of Minnesota Mining, he decided to put eggs in other baskets. In the next few years, he bought some Socony-Vacuum Oil, U.S. Steel, Firestone Tire & Rubber, Timken Roller Bearing.

With little more than $7,500 invested, Craig found he was getting an annual return of about $500, a great boon to the family budget.

Joe Talbot, Craig's neighbor, had no such $500 windfalls, but a steady salary out of which he could put aside, he figured, $200 every three months. What's more, Joe did not know the first thing about securities and had no time for choosing his own investments, with a broker's guidance.

When Joe explained his problem, the broker suggested that the best place for Talbot's money was in one of the mutual-investment trusts—multimillion-dollar pools of money put together by thousands of Joe Talbots, as well as larger investors, who hire experts to handle it.

The pool chosen for Joe was the

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Massachusetts Investors Trust, oldest and best-known of the so-called open-end mutual funds through which many small investors become part owners of hundreds of the country's largest corporations. In the next 15 months, Joe was able to put $1,000 into MIT stock.

Without knowing it, Joe was using an investment formula which has been gaining increasing favor in recent years. It is called "dollar averaging" and simply means that an investor puts a certain number of dollars into a security at fixed intervals, regardless of whether the market is high or low. And just what did Talbot own for his $1,000?

A portion of a $277,500,000 investment in nearly 150 of the nation's leading industrial, railroad, and utility corporations, and banks, as well as a share of government bonds and some cash. For example, Joe's invesment—to be exact—included $13 worth of International Harvester stock; $17 worth of Chrysler; $20 of E. I. duPont; $9 of American Can; $14 of General Electric; $6 of International Nickel; $15 of Standard Oil of New Jersey; $13 of Santa Fe; $12 of Consolidated Edison of New York; $17 of Eastman Kodak; $5 worth of A. T. & T., and so on through a long list including practically every well-known corporation. Finally he wound up with $20 worth of cash and $13 worth of U. S. bonds.

Joe found the mutual-trust program ideally suited to his needs. Over the years, he continued to put his surplus savings into stock, content with a return of approximately five per cent and with the thought that as America's leading corporations go, so goes Joe Talbot's personal fortune.

If he should need money, he can get it out immediately. Every day the market value of the entire $277,500,000 investment is totted up and the worth of each share computed. That's the price Joe gets for his stock, whenever he decides to turn it into cash.

These are only a few of the most popular investment programs for the small man in the stock market. There are as many variations as there are investors. A good broker—once having analyzed his client's resources and needs—will prescribe for him just as carefully as a doctor writes a prescription. But whatever program the small man follows, he should have only two purposes:

1. *To increase his capital as safely as he can under the tax laws.*

2. *To get the most out of his savings to help meet higher costs of living.*

If he keeps these goals constantly in sight, he need have no fear of the stock market.

Tolerance

FROM WHERE I'M sitting, tolerance is just a big word for peace. War can't get going where there's sympathetic understanding of nation for nation, man for man, and creed for creed. —BING CROSBY

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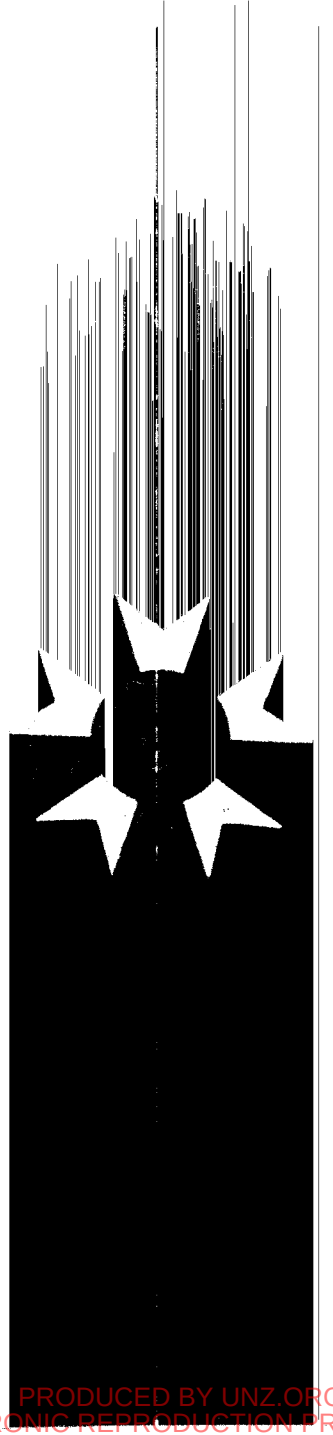

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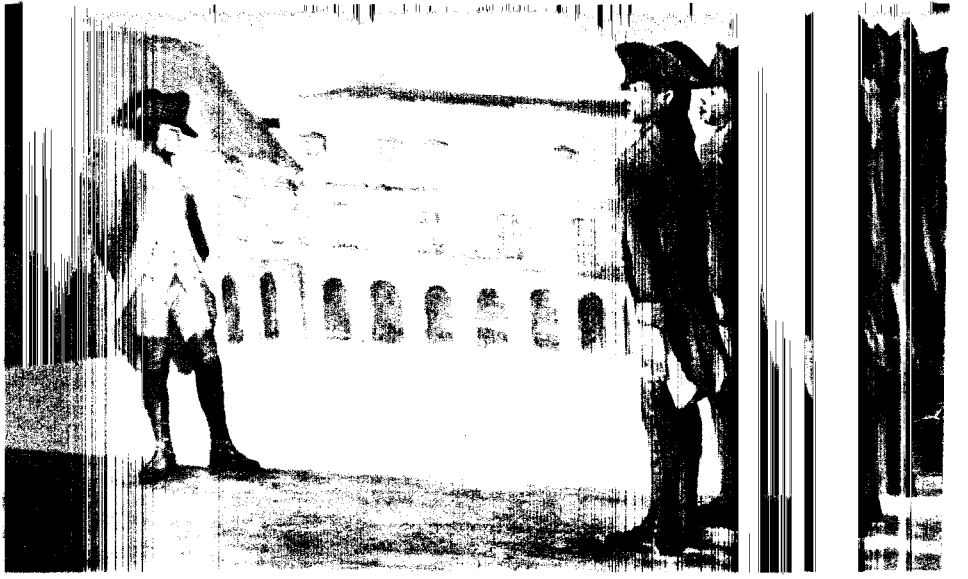

Scorned by the well-born students in his Paris military school, Napoleon was a solitary, rebellious youth, dreaming of his vast designs. Resentful and taciturn, he became blindingly ambitious.

Terrifying the townsfolk with the sound of cannon, the young officer ruthlessly crushed a sudden uprising against the shaky revolutionary government. Overnight Bonaparte became the hero of Paris.

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Now destiny began to crowd fame and fortune on the young Corsican. At 24, Napoleon was a general, with all the world to conquer. The statesmen of France courted his favors, its women his fancy. He wooed and won the lovely, tempestuous Creole, Josephine de Beauharnais. But the marriage was not successful. Napoleon wanted a son to perpetuate the name he meant to write large across the pages of history, and because Josephine gave him no son, he later divorced her.

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When his hour struck, Napoleon was ready. At the head of an army of 40,000 men, he swept southward, cutting a devastating swathe through Italy. His brilliantly executed campaign, touched with genius, wrote a new page in the military history of Europe. Back in Paris, worshiping crowds acclaimed the conqueror: *La Belle France* was great again! For Napoleon, the temptation to grasp power was irresistible. He had himself proclaimed the ruler of France.

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Then, like an advancing flood, his armies engulfed the continent, driven to victory after victory by his dynamic leadership. In little more than a decade, almost all of Europe, from Madrid to Amsterdam, from the steppes of Russia to the hills of Rome, lay prostrate at his feet. To some he was a tyrant; to others, a liberator. Napoleon had gone forth to seek virtue: he ended by pursuing power. Spurred by ambition and success, he dreamed of himself as ruler of the world.

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He summoned the Pope to crown him Emperor. Then, as spectators gasped, Napoleon snatched the crown from the Pontiff's hand and placed it firmly on his own head. His arrogant power was at its peak.

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Forgotten was the ghastly retreat from Moscow—Napoleon was once more master of France. But now the grand alliance of England, Austria, Prussia, and Russia reunited against the dictator. With the boundless confidence of his early triumphs, Napoleon led his army to meet the Allies. The liberty of Europe was at stake. On the plain of Waterloo, the two armies collided in a climactic battle. For Napoleon, it meant final defeat; for Europe, a long era of peace.

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On the island of St. Helena, a speck in a distant ocean, the man of destiny passed from the scene he had so long bestridden. Napoleon spent his last days reliving the glory that once was his. The fire of his greatness had turned to ashes; the name before which Europe had trembled became a bogey-word for children. For the world there is a lesson in his flaming career: conquerors and dictators, today as in the past, can never hope to survive the wrath of outraged humanity.

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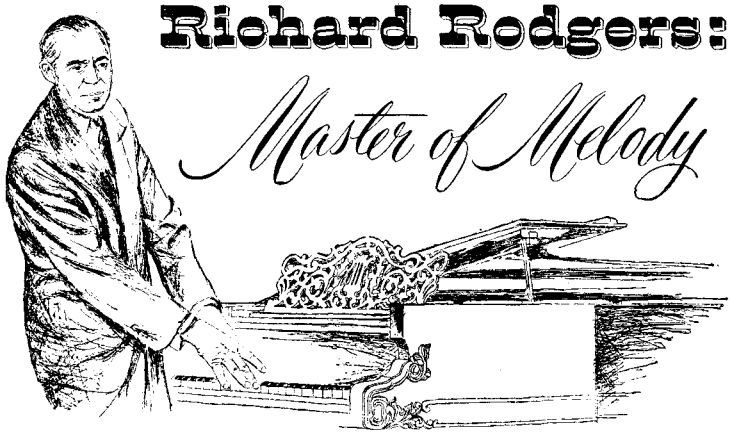
Richard Rodgers: Master of Melody



by CAROL HUGHES

An amazingly prolific composer, he has made theatrical history with his hit tunes

RICHARD RODGERS, one half of the fabulous Broadway team of Rodgers and Hammerstein, would offhand appear to be about the most disconcerting person a reporter could interview. To those who know the frustrations and hardships of composing, Rodgers seems to hold out cold comfort.

When you consider that he could, if the lyrics were ready, write the melodies for an entire Broadway show within five hours, it is obvious why he is a discouraging project. When you learn that he wrote the music for *Oh, What a Beautiful Morning* in exactly eight minutes, the picture grows more dismal. And in the case of *Bali H'ai*, from *South Pacific*, Rodgers dashed that one off while attending a luncheon with Joshua Logan, the show's director. When asked how long it took to write *Younger than Springtime* from the same noted musical, Rodgers replied: "How long does it take to play it?"

Beautiful tunes that seem like sheer magic float from the Rodgers piano like thistledown. Blessed with the magnificent gift of creating melody, the handsome, graying, brilliant Rodgers has written the music for well over 1,000 popular numbers. In his association with Lorenz Hart, as the Rodgers and Hart team, the two men turned out the almost-unbelievable total of 27 musical comedies, of which 23 were hits. And more recently, the roster of Rodgers and Hammerstein successes has made theatrical history.

South Pacific, a guarantee of immortality in the world of the theater, may prove to be only a stepping stone to the forthcoming *Anna and the King of Siam*. Prior to that, the music of *Allegro*, *Oklahoma*, and *Carousel* would have satisfied many gifted composers as their contribution to Broadway. So great is the faith of audiences that when *Allegro* was announced for Broadway the

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box office sold $500,000 in advance tickets before the show opened.

While such fabulous success would tend to make the most gifted composer consign his pen and paper to the wastebasket, all is not gloom. In fact, Richard Rodgers can be a powerful inspiration to thousands of hopeful young composers in the musical field today. He is living proof that a composer devoid of garret, long hair, or the assumed need of creative mood, can become a top figure in the field of popular song writing.

Indeed, the whole secret of Rodgers' success is that he considers himself a practical, down-to-earth man of the theater. And like any other man with a job, Rodgers, when he has a show to do, sits down and goes to work.

The shifting, restless crowds of the city, rain on the roof, or a walk in the park inspires him not at all. He is, in fact, never inspired. He says frankly: "If I had had to go to Bali to write *Bali H'ai*, I'm afraid the song would still be waiting."

When asked about certain technical details of composing, he says: "I have a story. I see a stage. I know what my settings are going to be. I know in most cases who will be the performers. I am standing in the orchestra pit. The lights are beginning to dim, the curtain is going up. I must have a song here with the proper music. I sit down and write that music."

JUST AS THERE IS little resemblance between Rodgers' methods of work and those of most composers, so is there little personal resemblance between him and others in his craft. Elsa Maxwell wrote: "His music is written the way a silversmith hammers his metal—definite, clear, and strong." Almost the same words would apply to Rodgers' character and personality.

He is conservative, quiet, undemonstrative, with a concise attitude about living. A deeply conscientious man who has taught his heart to listen to his head, he holds a devotion for his job that is akin to religion, but he can and does discuss it in cool, undramatic fashion.

"People have made a production out of me," he says dryly, "and I can't live down the casting."

The production the press has made of Rodgers is that of a man who never drinks, never smokes, never attends night clubs, looks like a broker, is strictly a family man. He mourns this picture occasionally, as well as his inability to become a bit pixilated or act more "colorfully." But even as he tries valiantly to tear down this so-called mythical picture which the press has created, he only succeeds in strengthening it.

He admits sheepishly that he doesn't smoke—"You feel so tickled with yourself when you can give it up." Of night-club life, he agrees: "No, I never go unless it's to look at some talent." Of his drinking, he boasts proudly of a minor sin: "Yes, I usually have a Scotch and soda before dinner."

One of the best-liked persons in show business, Rodgers *is* a man of vast dignity and grave amiability—until some performer starts tampering with his music. Then the picture changes. When Janet Blair and Diosa Costello went into rehearsal for the road-show company of *South Pacific*, they soon discovered that the kind and quiet Rodgers could

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be stern and unyielding. Diosa says: "If you change one note, he gets irritated. When you're singing along and thinking, 'What a nice voice I have,' he is apt to say, 'Don't fall in love with your voice.' "

In still another respect, Rodgers is a discouraging symbol to garret-living aspirants who have left home to starve and suffer for their art. He has never starved; and, as far as can be discovered, has never suffered. In fact, he never wanted to do either. He is, and always has been, quite content to live well.

Luckily for Rodgers, his family background provided certain assets. Born in New York City in 1902, he grew up in a home that was comfortable, conservative, and serene. His father, Dr. William A. Rodgers, was a general practitioner in Manhattan for 50 years. His mother taught young Richard to play the piano by the time he could stand up. She had no trouble getting her son to practice: he loved the piano and the velvet-trimmed stool.

The other son in the family, Mortimer, went the way of his father, and is now a prominent medical man in New York.

While Richard did not particularly think of music as a career in the beginning, he finished high school and went to Columbia University. It was there, while a brash freshman, that he submitted songs for the big senior show. Oddly, it was Oscar Hammerstein II who plugged for his score.

Rodgers haunted Carnegie Hall and the Metropolitan, but he still loved popular music, and his greatest hero was a man named Jerome Kern. A year before he entered Columbia, Rodgers heard that Lorenz Hart wanted someone to write music for his lyrics. Rodgers, impressed with anyone who had had a couple of songs published, decided to give it a try. So, with misgivings, he went to the Hart house one afternoon, expecting to find a very impressive personage.

When the door opened, there stood a gnomelike little figure. Starting to brush past him, Rodgers asked if he might see Mr. Hart.

"I'm it," said Hart. And at that moment began one of the greatest musical teams of all time.

RODGERS WENT ON to finish at Columbia and took up a course at the Juilliard School of Music, meanwhile collaborating with Hart on number after number. All this time, the two continued to make their assault on Broadway. But Broadway remained coldly unaware of the pair of geniuses. Just when they had decided to give it up, and Rodgers had been offered $50 a week to work in the garment industry, their break came.

In 1925, the Theatre Guild's apprentice actors wanted to stage a Sunday-night show, and asked Rodgers and Hart to write the music. The result was *The Garrick Gaieties*, which became a hit of the season.

The rest is history. In the next 18 years, the two strangely paired men turned out show after show, with music that is played almost as much today as when it was new. Their shows became classics and made them rich—*Babes in Arms*, *The Boys from Syracuse*, *By Jupiter*, and *On Your Toes*, to mention a few. The nostalgic songs that are sung today will remain a memorial to the team for years to come—*My Heart Stood*

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Still, *With a Song in My Heart*, *Blue Moon*, and *Ten Cents a Dance*.

That out of this combination of Rodgers and Hart music did pour forth, still seems something of a miracle to Rodgers. Hart hated writing lyrics. His temporizing and delay were a great burden to the practical Rodgers, who tried every trick he could think of to get Hart to work—even to getting him into a hotel room and locking the door. But Hart would plead to go downstairs and get cigarettes—and disappear for days.

When Hart died, no one mourned more deeply than Rodgers. He still has tenderness in his voice when he speaks of him: "Hart was a career, a partner, a chore, and one of the sweetest little guys that ever lived."

For a time, Rodgers had no idea in what direction his next venture would go. Then fate stepped in with Oscar Hammerstein II, who happened to be looking for a composer. They set to work on what at first seemed an ill-fated flop, the now-great *Oklahoma*. It was an entirely new type of musical; not only did it have a cowboy and Western theme but it was filled with ballet, which had long been anathema to Broadway.

Even at the first out-of-town opening of *Oklahoma*, it seemed doomed to failure. But by the time the show hit Broadway, ballet as it was danced in *Oklahoma* had made history, and so had Rodgers and Hammerstein. Success after success has followed, with no end in sight.

These two grave, serious, stage-struck men work harmoniously in an absorption that is like a dream. There is no problem about getting Hammerstein to work—he loves the theater with a passion. His only trouble is the studious effort necessary to turn out his hits. Hammerstein is what the trade calls a "bleeder"; his lyrics do not come pouring out as does Rodgers' music.

Not satisfied with their own gold mines, Rodgers and Hammerstein have now turned producers and at one time on Broadway, in addition to two successes of their own, they produced the fabulously successful *Annie Get Your Gun*, the Helen Hayes frolic, *Happy Birthday*, and *John Loves Mary*.

Something about the income of the two men appeared in the New York *Herald Tribune* as far back as 1947: "At present there are 13 companies playing shows that Rodgers and Hammerstein either wrote or produced. By the most modest estimate, they will gross $15,000,000 in the coming season."

And all this without *South Pacific*, of which the current Broadway gagsters now say: "If you ask for tickets to *South Pacific*, the ticket agent starts figuring your life expectancy."

But a more concrete statement is Walter Winchell's recent item: "*Variety* reveals that Rodgers & Hammerstein rejected $350,000 for a single television performance of *South Pacific*."

FEW PEOPLE WHO MEET and talk with the modest, unassuming Rodgers would imagine this vast success. He even reacts like a wistful child to his beloved shows. When this reporter said: "I loved *Carousel*," his face lit up.

"It makes me happy to hear anyone praise that show," he said with an odd humility.

One of the most approachable

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people in the theater, Rodgers will see anyone. When it comes to casting a show, he says frankly: "No business can thrive without new blood. If a doorman wants to bring in his cross-eyed uncle, it's all right with me. If our telephone operator says she knows a guy who would do fine as a Bowery bum, that's fine with us—you never can tell."

As a result, the Rodgers and Hammerstein files in their spacious office at 488 Madison Avenue are filled with hundreds of names of unknowns whom they have auditioned. They have tall girls, short girls, fat and thin, ballet and toe dancers, actors and amateurs. These names, however, do not remain just a file. Rodgers says adamantly: "The star system is not the answer to success in the theater. The show is the thing."

The Rodgers family—wife Dorothy and two daughters, Mary and Linda—do not live in the *chi chi* plush that is ordinarily associated with wealth and success. They have a comfortable apartment on East 71st Street in New York City, and there is also a summer home at Fairfield, Connecticut, with what the Rodgerses insist is their only luxury —a croquet set.

The slim and attractive Mrs. Rodgers attended Wellesley College, after which she studied sculpture in New York and Paris. A childhood sweetheart of Rodgers, she believes today that one career in the family is quite enough.

On opening night of a show, Rodgers loses his calm serenity and paces up and down, watching, looking, listening, "nervous as a cat." The big, hulking, six-foot Hammerstein takes a good seat and calmly watches the affair to the end. "I do my work standing up," he says, "and my worrying sitting down."

There has been little need for worry since the days of *Oklahoma*, for the R & H combination is a million-dollar business, plus. Now, with the next show already in its childhood, Rodgers says: "I am dying to meet the challenge of *Anna and the King of Siam*."

Predictions are already being made on Broadway that audiences will continue to be spellbound by the pathos, laughter, and sentiment captured by the magic of the master's enduring music.

Cartoon Quotes

Dizzy blonde to garage mechanic: "Can you fix my horn to blow louder? My brakes are just terrible." —*Gas Flame, Indianapolis*

Fiancée to girl friend: "He wants a honeymoon to Bermuda—but I'd never dream of traveling that far with a man I hardly know."
—Dave Breger

One executive to another: "Of course I'll take your word for it, G. B.—just as long as you put it in writing!" —Bo Brown

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GUARD THE CONSTITUTION!

by WILLIAM LAVARRE

It is still a magnificent document that insures our freedom and needs no streamlining

AMERICANS ARE PLAGUED today by various political groups that want to change the Constitution of the United States. The Constitution, these groups insist, is "outmoded," and must be amended before we can go forward into a Bigger and Better Life. With persuasive arguments, they seek to convince us that a little change here and there would improve and "streamline" the Constitution.

But what is the truth? The truth is that the Constitution of the United States is a great Gibraltar of human integrity, peace, and freedom, effectively blocking those who would enslave us from achieving their ultimate goals.

As we travel the world, we see constant proof that nowhere else in today's civilization does there exist a nation as great and powerful as the U. S. No other country enjoys our luxuries of strength, wealth, freedom, prosperity, and security. Across the seas, other powers have suffered political and economic defeat; many have become captive nations. How did it happen that the United States, beginning in a primitive wilderness, grew so strong, wealthy, and secure, while so many other nations began to wither and die? Was it just good luck?

The Chinese have an old proverb which says that the success of the longest journey begins with the first step. Our long journey as a nation began with a first step that was both slow and laborious—the creation of a constitutional government for welding 13 individualistic states into a strong humanitarian union. Our first step was taken by the American patriots who wrote out and pledged allegiance to an agreed-upon document that history has proven to be a colossal monument to human wisdom.

The secret of America's strength today lies in the miracle that began 163 years ago, when—on September 17, 1787—delegates to the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia signed the first step in our national journey—the Constitution.

"*We, the People* . . . "

We, the People of the United States—for a century and a half and in a world of constant antagonisms—have grown into more

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perfect union, established justice, insured domestic tranquility, provided for the common defense, promoted the general welfare, and secured the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity. Strength came to us from a strong Constitution, which, like a block of hardest stone, adamantly refused to permit itself to be chipped to pieces, generation after generation.

Had the people of the United States been easily persuaded to amend the Constitution, we would be a very different country today. We would, for instance, have a President who served for life. Decisions of the Supreme Court could be overruled by popular vote. Ministers of the gospel would be prohibited from holding public office. The President could veto state laws. In fact, states would have been abolished and the Republic divided into four bureaucratic "districts," ruled from Washington. These changes were incorporated in Amendments that were proposed and campaigned for by minority cliques in the past.

Some 4,250 attempts have been made to change the Constitution. Many of them were bitterly disputed by past generations of citizens. Looking back on the proposals now, some seem suicidal and many just plain silly. But, at the time, they all attracted aggressive missionaries and spokesmen.

THE WISDOM of the early American statesmen who sought a foolproof formula to guarantee a growing nation liberty and prosperity is evident today in the fact that—in all 163 years—only 11 actual Amendments have been ratified. Twenty-one Amendments have been added to the original 1787 text, but ten were part of the Bill of Rights proposed by the First Congress and are generally considered to be an integral part of the original Constitution. Of the 11 Amendments adopted, most of them gave *more* freedom, *more* rights, and *more* responsibilities to the American people.

Realizing that no human document could be perfect, the framers of the Constitution included in the text itself provisions for amending it. But they wisely created a procedure so deliberate that no Amendment could be put over by a small, organized group or rushed through on a wave of popular sentiment.

Article V prescribes the two methods of amendment. If two-thirds of the members of both houses of Congress consider it necessary, the Congress may take the initiative. Should legislatures of two-thirds of the states request it, Congress calls a Constitutional Convention to propose the Amendment. But in either case, ratification by legislatures or special conventions of three-fourths of the states must be obtained before the Amendment becomes part of the Constitution. This is a nation of *united* states, and the people of three-fourths of them —large or small, rich or poor— have the right to ratify the proposal before it becomes law.

Under the Constitution, the Supreme Court is the official guardian and interpreter of the document. Had the Constitution not contained within itself provision for such a supreme authority to protect the rights and freedoms it proclaimed, we might today be in no better

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position than the people of other nations that once boasted fine-sounding constitutions.

We Americans have only to look abroad to see how precious the rights and freedoms guaranteed us by our Constitution are in this unhappy world of 1951. We enjoy freedom of religion, speech, press, and peaceful assembly. We are protected from unreasonable searches and seizures, from excessive bail and fines, from cruel and unusual punishment, and from involuntary servitude.

Under the Constitution we still have the right—now lost to millions of other people—to petition the government for redress of grievances, to writs of habeas corpus (which half the human world no longer enjoys), and to swift and public jury trials where we may confront our accusers and make them prove their charges. And all Americans have an equal voice in electing our public servants: the worker's vote is as powerful as that cast by his boss.

We, the People of the United States, are still free. We have preserved not only the inherited words but the living laws of *our* Constitution. Just as long as we are vigilant against those who would mislead us into surrendering our national heritage, just that long will we continue to be a free and powerful America.

As Thomas Jefferson said, "When we find our Constitution insufficient to secure the happiness of our people, we set it right." But how rarely have we found it necessary to add an Amendment! Thus, as we protect our Constitution, so will our nation endow us with more power and freedom as individuals. Today, as always in the past, America's Constitution remains the world's most enlightened and magnificent political document.

Famous Wrong Guesses

A 6-YEAR-OLD LAD came home one day with a note from his teacher, in which it was suggested that he be taken out of school, as he was "too slow in the head." The boy's name was Thomas A. Edison.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN's mother-in-law hesitated at letting her daughter marry a printer. There were already two printing offices in the U. S., and she feared that the country might not be able to support a third one.

ALFRED TENNYSON's grandfather gave him ten shillings for writing an elegy on his grandmother. Handing it to the lad, the old man said: "There, that's the first money you ever earned by your poetry, and, take my word for it, it will be the last." —CORA M. CAMPBELL

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The Straight Facts About

COLOR TELEVISION

by ROBERT C. SPRAGUE

An expert scoffs at the fear that black-and-white TV sets will soon be obsolete

LAST OCTOBER, the Federal Communications Commission, which sets radio and television standards for the country, gave the go-ahead signal for TV broadcasts in color. The color system which the FCC approved is the one designed and developed by the Columbia Broadcasting System.

The public reaction to the FCC ruling was one of deep worry and confusion. As a result, a lot of people have asked me about the future of television. I think I know the questions that are in the minds of the 10,000,000 present owners of TV sets—and I want to answer them by giving you the best judgment of the group I represent, the Radio-Television Manufacturers Association. Among their 300 members are the men best qualified to know the answers.

First, will present black-and-white programs continue? Second, what programs will you get in color? And third, would you be wise to purchase a black-and-white television set *now?*

There are two primary reasons why we believe black-and-white programs will continue to provide the best entertainment for years to come. One is our profound conviction—(the FCC to the contrary notwithstanding)—that the right kind of color system simply isn't here yet. The second is an equally firm belief that black-and-white TV will never be obsolete, even when a really good color system has been developed.

As black-and-white receivers will always cost less, they will appeal to many persons. Moreover, the advertisers who sponsor most of the best programs will never abandon this mass audience in favor of a much smaller number of persons willing to pay extra for color.

As far as color programs are concerned, CBS has promised it will broadcast 20 hours of color a week, but most of these broadcasts apparently will be in fringe hours, when the average person is at work or asleep. And remember, this broadcasting schedule will probably be undertaken by only one of the nation's 107 television stations, or, at the most, those affiliated with CBS.

The reason for the other broadcasters' caution, of course, is that the minute any station puts on a CBS-type color program, that station loses its entire audience.

Consequently, very few advertisers are likely to sponsor color

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broadcasts in commercially valuable evening time, until a substantial number of sets have been converted. Conversely, only a few televiewers are likely to buy adapters and converters until an appreciable number of good programs *are* broadcast in color.

That is the main reason why television manufacturers have been insisting, ever since the FCC's hearing started in 1949, that no color system could prosper unless it were "compatible" with today's black-and-white broadcasts. Right here I should define "compatibility," about which you have heard so much.

The CBS system is noncompatible; that is, existing sets cannot get any picture from a CBS color broadcast unless the owner has purchased an adapter. A "compatible" color system, on the other hand, will provide black-and-white pictures just like today's regular broadcasts, and without any added cost to present set owners. Of course, if all present sets were equipped to bring in the CBS-type signal, this question of compatibility would lose its importance. So let's look into that possibility.

An "adapter" is a device which must be bought merely to get black-and-white reception from a CBS color broadcast. It will, moreover, produce a poorer black-and-white picture than you get today. A "converter" is still another device which has to be added, too, if present sets are to receive broadcasts in color. The demand, if any, probably will be for combination adapter-converters, estimated to cost well over $100.

I have no doubt that some few persons, who are interested in the novelty of color, may make this extra investment. And to the extent that there is public demand for such adapter-converters, I am sure they will be available as soon as production requirements can be met. But are these adapter-converters going to be a mass-production item?

CBS and FCC believe they will, but I point out that neither CBS nor FCC has ever been in the manufacturing business—they have never sold radio and television equipment to the public. So I am more inclined to take the opinion of the set merchandisers, who know by long experience that the public, especially the housewife, does not want any extra "gadget" on the receiver.

THERE IS ONLY one sound answer to the color problem. That is a fully *compatible* system, which many of the industry's scientists have been working on and are confident can be commercially developed in the near future. Such a system will offer no problem for the set owner, as he will be able to receive all broadcasts in black and white, whether originating in color or not, and without any additional expenditure for new equipment.

For these reasons, when friends ask me what they should do about color television, I tell them that the color system presently authorized

Robert C. Sprague, president of the Sprague Electric Company of North Adams, Massachusetts, is also president of the Radio-Television Manufacturers Association. The 300 members of the Association include manufacturers, both large and small, who produce radio and television sets, and the tubes and parts that go into them.

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The TV Industry Says:

"The public may buy television sets today with confidence and enjoy the great programs which will be broadcast in black and white for years to come."

—Robert C. Tait, pres.
Stromberg-Carlson Co.

"The urgency of color television is not such as to justify the diversion of engineering effort and critical materials from important military work to a system which is only a moderate improvement over the excellent television service now enjoyed by millions."

—Dr. W. R. G. Baker, vice-pres.
General Electric Co.

"Excellent programming will continue in black and white, on all four major networks."

—Ross D. Siragusa, pres., Admiral Corp.

"When the public understands the facts, their usual sound judgment will convince them of the impracticability of the present color-wheel system."

—W. A. Blees, vice-pres.
Crosley Div., Avco Mfg. Corp.

"RCA is moving rapidly ahead with the development of its fully compatible all-electronic color television system and expects to prove that color television can be introduced on a sound and orderly basis that will not make present black-and-white sets obsolete."

—Frank M. Folsom, pres.
Radio Corp. of America

"It is obvious that the big, popular, and expensive black-and-white TV shows of today will continue to be the foundation of all television for years to come. The presently authorized color system with its whirling color wheel will not, in our opinion, be satisfactory to the public; therefore, it will be a long time before the good TV shows are broadcast in color."

—Paul V. Galvin, pres., Motorola, Inc.

"Capehart believes the final decision regarding color television has not yet been made, as no system now developed is ready for the market. We are continuing our own research on this important problem. The current demand for existing TV sets is greater than ever before."

—Fred D. Wilson, pres.
Capehart-Farnsworth Corp.

"Philco believes that the proposed color system with its whirling disc and small pictures is unacceptable to the public and that an all-electronic color system, now being perfected in the industry's laboratories but at least two years away, will eventually reach the market."

—William Balderston, pres., Philco Corp.

"We do not feel that practical color television is here."

—Benjamin Abrams, pres.
Emerson Radio & Phonograph Corp.

by the FCC produces a picture in satisfactory color, but has these definite limitations:

1. Except for projection-type sets, in which the public has shown little interest, the CBS color system is limited in its present form to pictures no larger than 12½ inches.

2. Sets and converters now require a large mechanical disc or wheel, which rotates at a speed of 1,440 revolutions a minute, and

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which, in my opinion, will never be acceptable to the majority of set owners.

3. Due to the noncompatibility of the CBS system, color programs for some time to come will necessarily be restricted—even in the few cities where they are broadcast—to off hours and to the less popular forms of entertainment.

I also tell my friends that long before the present color system can win public approval or establish a substantial audience, the combined talent of America's electronic engineers will have developed an all-electronic and *compatible* system which will probably replace the present one.

And finally, I tell my friends that if they are interested in good reception of the better television programs, they can buy black-and-white sets now, with confidence that these sets will continue to receive the top programs for many years to come.

In addition to the points covered in Mr. Sprague's article, here are more questions and answers of importance to people who now own TV sets or who are planning to buy them:

Q. What does the FCC color decision mean?

A. Simply that the Commission believes the CBS system is good enough to put on the air—that any station which desires can transmit pictures using CBS methods. There is nothing in the decision to compel broadcasters to transmit color television.

Q. Is the CBS system the most advanced that can reasonably be expected?

A. Most electronic engineers believe that, eventually, a better system will be developed. The system designed by the Radio Corporation of America, for instance, already has many advantages, and recent developments indicate an early solution to the reasons why the FCC rejected it.

Q. What is the chief drawback to the converter device?

A. A complete converter includes a mechanical filter wheel. This wheel must be at least twice the size of your TV screen—thus, if your set has a 16-inch screen, you would need a wheel more than *three feet* in diameter.

Q. Are today's TV sets about to become obsolete?

A. No! Black-and-white pictures will continue to be predominant for years to come.

Q. Should I buy a TV set now or wait for a color set?

A. If you are willing to spend money on what may turn out to be an expensive experiment, then wait for one of the color sets which may be available this year. However, if you want high-grade entertainment, by all means go ahead and buy today's black-and-white set—one from a reliable manufacturer.

People's Choice

America, fortunately, is a land where Groucho Marx has more followers than Karl. —CAREY WILLIAMS

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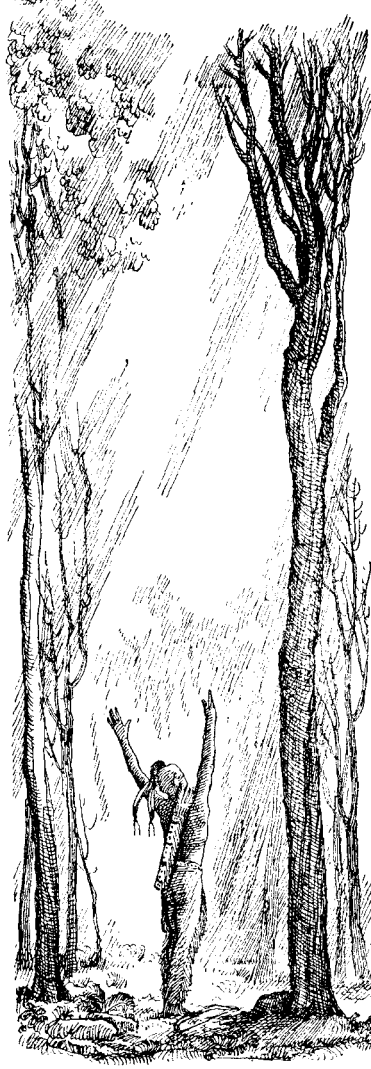
SAVAGE WISDOM

by ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE



FOR A MATTER of some 45 years, the hobby in which I have been most interested has been Indian lore; and the study of it has been leading me into some fascinating bypaths. One of these led me into a rudimentary study of the Delaware Indian language. One memorable thing I learned about these people we are too prone to call savages; and this thing taught me much about the real meaning of reverence and of worship.

When a Delaware brave, with bow and arrow, killed a deer or turkey or other game, he made a religious rite of his thanksgiving. Without leaving the position from which he had made the fortunate shot, he would lay his bow on the ground, lift both hands high over his head in worship, and exclaim, "Singuape, hock in hatta!" He was crying in adoration, "O Great Spirit, Thou hast laid him low!"

Is it not heartening to reflect that this so-called barbarian, in a moment of triumph, had grace of heart to praise God for enabling him to achieve? In his day he was wiser than we—he instinctively attributed all his skill to Him Who is truly the Source of Everything.

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS GORSLINE

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THE PERFECT LOVER

by HAROLD QUEEN

In the gaudy, fantastic Twenties, mass hysteria surrounded the life and death of Valentino, sultry silent-screen idol

IN THE LITTLE THEATERS that feature old-time films, Rodolpho Alfonzo Raffaelo Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valentina d'Antonguolla still plays to packed houses.

Thousands of aging matrons remember him as the *beau ideal* of the 1920s—the decade of the Charleston and Al Capone. Some 35 women named their children after him, and three others committed suicide on his account. Indeed, few figures of modern times have inspired the mass hysteria that swirled about the life, loves, and final curtain call, at 31, of Rudolph Valentino, "The Perfect Lover."

The supple, olive-skinned son of an Italian veterinarian was both the expression of his era and in a sense its part-creator. He gave the language a new word—"sheik"—to describe the great brotherhood of street-corner musketeers who pomaded their hair and grew long sideburns in imitation of their hero.

When he first flashed across the screen in flowing white burnoose, women everywhere rushed to purchase Sheik hats and frocks, Sheik cosmetics and handbags. He gave the tango its greatest lease on life in America, and few survivors of that dim age fail to remember the hand-wound phonographs grinding out *The Sheik of Araby.*

The Valentino cult frequently took more exuberant turns. The platinum slave bracelet he wore on his wrist, his reported communications with the other world, and his extravagances fed a steady stream of material into the newspapers and magazines of the day. In his public

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appearances, admirers often stripped him of hat, tie, pocket handkerchief, even cuff links.

When his second wife, Natacha Rambova, left for New York during an enforced separation until his divorce became final, reporters on the train intercepted his telegrams and rushed them into headlines before she had seen them.

When the couple later appeared together in a nation-wide dance tour, thousands gathered at sidings to catch a glimpse of them in their special railway car.

The Sheik's acting rated high by standards of the silent screen, and it is likely that he would have done equally well in talking pictures. His pantherish grace, exotic features, and sturdy physique contributed to the actual tremors many women experienced when seeing him on the screen.

The young Italian had the added faculty of completely absorbing the personality of his screen characters. In preparing for *Blood and Sand*, he studied the art of bullfighting with a retired toreador, spoke nothing but Spanish, grew sideburns, and learned to walk and swagger like a true hero of the ring.

The prime reason for his extraordinary appeal, however, lay in the fact that, to millions of moviegoers, the name Valentino spelled romance. In the workaday world of Harding and Coolidge, he was the high lama of escape. For the small price of a ticket, he secured for his devotees temporary admission to a dream world of daring gallantry and erotic suggestiveness.

This talent lifted the dark-eyed tango partner from the dance hall to a Hollywood manor, a stable of exotic foreign cars, and the title of "The Screen's Greatest Lover."

The man to whom these honors came was born in southern Italy in 1895. In 1913, his family packed him off to the New World, where, according to legend, he landed a job as a bus boy and dancing partner, with meals thrown in.

This was the age of Irene and Vernon Castle, and the dance craze was sweeping America. So Guglielmi turned professional, making the vaudeville circuits of the period. In 1915, when Italy entered the war, Rodolpho applied for the Italian Air Force but was turned down because of poor eyesight. A try at the British Royal Flying Corps brought similar results.

Finally he joined a musical company making its way to California, but when he landed in San Francisco, both job and income ended. It was at this point that a friendly screen actor, Norman Kerry, thought the young Italian had film possibilities and staked him to an apartment near Hollywood.

FOR A TIME, Valentino (whose name by now had changed), went unrecognized. He took bit parts at $5 a day and lived sparingly. Gradually, he got better parts and salaries up to $150 a week.

In 1920, Rex Ingram, casting for *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, selected Valentino as Julio, the story's young Argentine hero. In the film, Valentino danced the tango, and when *The Four Horsemen* opened in New York, word filtered back that he was sensational. Valentino promptly asked for a $50-a-week raise and was curtly refused.

A woman, E. M. Hull, had writ-

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ten a book, *The Sheik*, describing love and lesser matters on the Sahara Desert. When Valentino appeared in the film version, sheik became a national byword. Ten thousand letters a week jammed the star's mailbox. His salary leaped to $1,000 a week.

Valentino's succeeding films, and particularly *The Young Rajah*, involved him in a battle with his employers, whom he accused of putting him in inferior productions. The result was a court injunction banning him from stage or screen until he fulfilled his contract. He and Rambova then undertook the dance tour, which was sponsored by the makers of a beauty clay.

The salary, $7,000 a week, enabled him to maintain his well-publicized extravagances, which sometimes landed him in debt by as much as $100,000.

When he returned to the screen after a two-year absence, Valentino found that, if anything, his popularity had spurted. Millions came to see him in *Monsieur Beaucaire*, *The Sainted Devil*, *The Cobra*, and as a Cossack in *The Eagle*. He was separated from Rambova, and the public took avid delight in his new emotional attachments—Vilma Banky, and later the tempestuous Pola Negri.

For the New York opening of *Son of the Sheik*, thousands waited in a withering heat wave. Some 4,000 more gathered at the stage door to mob their idol, who was making a personal appearance.

It was the summer of 1926, and a somnolent nation sought distraction in the Hall-Mills murder case, *Abie's Irish Rose*, and the swimming of the English Channel by Gertrude Ederle. On August 15, Valentino, then 31, was quietly reading the Sunday papers in his hotel suite when he suddenly clutched his side and collapsed. He was rushed to Polyclinic Hospital where four physicians operated for acute appendicitis and perforated gastric ulcers. Peritonitis set in the following day.

In the week that Valentino lay battling for his life, thousands of calls and telegrams, gifts and nostrums for his recovery poured into the hospital. A special information booth answered hundreds of personal queries each day. The press carried special bulletins from the battery of doctors.

On the eighth day, a priest pressed a crucifix to the actor's lips. Two

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hours later, Rudolph Valentino passed away, while thousands milled in the streets below. But no friend, relative, or business associate was at his side.

Next morning, a crowd of 600 gathered at the funeral parlor where Valentino lay in state. Soon police were having difficulty controlling 10,000 people, including women dressed in widow's weeds.

When the doors opened at 2 o'clock, the crowd surged forward, bowling aside police and invading the parlor. The great window of the establishment suddenly gave way, spraying glass, and three policemen and a photographer were gashed. Police and undertakers in cutaways and white gloves battled the hysterical mob. Riot calls flashed out, and the huge reception room of the funeral parlor was converted into an emergency hospital, with two doctors working on the injured.

Upstairs, Valentino lay in a $10,000 bronze-and-silver casket. Guarded by police, groups of 75 to 100 were herded swiftly to the coffin room. There, each mourner was allotted a two-second glance, then hustled on his way.

The rioting continued until midnight, when the doors were closed. But thousands lingered until early morning, and when the melee finally ended, more than 100 people had been injured, 15 seriously.

Next day, 200 officers were on hand to control a crowd expected to swell to 200,000. By midmorning, the line was 15 blocks long. This time, Valentino's followers were comparatively orderly, but only a relative minority approached with a sense of reverence for the dead. Flappers giggled as they neared the coffin.

On the third day, when a mob of 5,000 again rioted, S. George Ullman, Valentino's manager, ordered the public display ended.

The curious gathered again when Pola Negri, Valentino's reputed fiancée, stepped from the 20th Century Limited after a dramatized dash across the continent. Miss Negri, in a specially designed mourning costume, screamed and collapsed at the coffin.

There was a brief revival of interest in this event; but public attention already had shifted to the official welcome for Miss Ederle, fresh from her successful plunge. Not until nearly a year later did the public find another hero on whom to shower its emotion. On May 20, 1927, Charles A. Lindbergh flew the Atlantic.

Rudolph Valentino's life and death typified an era that received its own sudden and unexpected deathblow three years later in the gray canyons of Wall Street. Escape and romance had had their greatest fling in the history of America. As things turned out, perhaps the Sheik might never have been able to gallop successfully across the black sands of realism that followed him so shortly after his passing.

What a housewife really wants when it comes to

buying meat are some choice cuts in prices.

—Bertha Sulman

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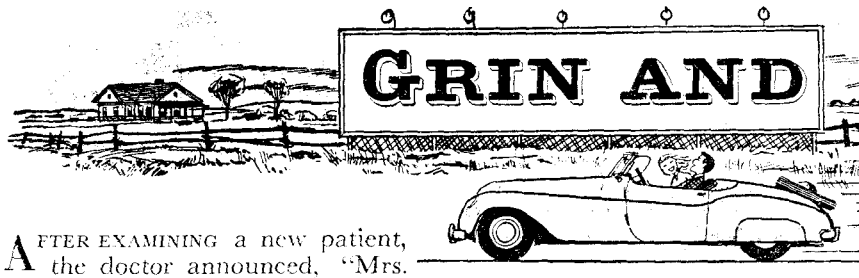

AFTER EXAMINING a new patient, the doctor announced, "Mrs. Brown, I have good news for you."

"It's not Mrs. Brown," the patient corrected, "it's *Miss* Brown."

"Indeed?" said the doctor. "Miss Brown, I have bad news for you."

THE GI FROM OKLAHOMA was engaged in hand-to-hand combat with a Jap. As they threshed about in the jungle, the GI gasped, "Where you hail from, mister?"

The Jap answered, "Yokohama."

"Holy smoke," said the GI. "What are we fightin' fo'? Ah'm from Tulsa." —BENNETT CERF

MY LITTLE NIECE, Mary, was getting to be a holy terror. At the age of 12 she simply would not pay any attention to her mother.

Finally, in desperation, her mama asked, "What have I done to make you so bad?"

"Well, I'm not sure," Mary answered, "but I think I know. Remember all those books on child raising you bought a few years ago? Well, I tore out every other page."

—MRS. G. W. MCCARTHY

A TALL, BOWLEGGED TEXAN touring England would josh the Britishers about their "midget" country. He irritated one man who asked him to give the dimensions of his wonderful state.

"Waal," drawled the Texan, "I don't rightly know just how big she is, but I do know that you can board a train and 24 hours later you will still be in the Lone Star State."

"But what does that prove?" the Englishman snapped. "We have trains like that here, too."

—*Successful Farming*

AS A VERY REFINED-LOOKING woman was shopping at a fruit stand, her dog, unseen by her, licked some fruit, to the proprietor's extreme annoyance. After this had happened several times, he politely called it to the woman's attention.

Turning to the dog, she snapped sternly, "Priscilla! Stop that this minute! They're not washed!"

—JOE DIGIOVANNI

"WHY, IT WAS AN OUTRAGE!" exclaimed the irate husband. "That farmer charging you $15 to tow the car half a mile to a service station."

"Don't take on so, dear," soothed the wife cheerfully. "He earned every cent of it, believe me—I had the brakes on all the way."

—*Electrical Dealer*

THERE I STOOD with my baby buggy in the middle of the main traffic artery at the height of the homecoming rush. A steady stream

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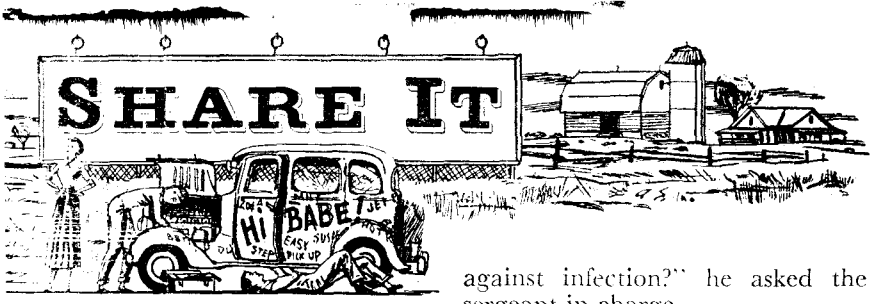

of autos whizzed by in both directions. And to add to my discomfiture a streetcar was rapidly bearing down upon me.

But before it reached me, the motorman stopped the car and got down. Holding traffic back with his hand, he kindly escorted me safely across. When we reached the curb, he stopped with a gentle smile to peek at the baby—then turned a stony look at my embarrassed face.

The buggy was full of empty ginger-ale bottles! —Mrs. Fred Spietz

ERNEST, THE politest little tyke, had just returned from a party. "You must have been the youngest one there," his uncle remarked.

"Oh, no," Ernest replied soberly. "There was another gentleman there who came in a baby buggy."

—Adrian Anderson

"NOW LOOK HERE, my man," the Army doctor snarled at the draftee, "you know very well you wouldn't come to me in civilian life with a little thing like this."

"You're darned right I wouldn't," drawled the recruit. "I'd *send* for you." —*Ties*

THE MEDICAL OFFICER was testing the water supply.

"What precautions do you take against infection?" he asked the sergeant in charge.

"We boil it first, sir," the sergeant replied.

"Good!"

"Then we filter it."

"Excellent!"

"And then, just for safety's sake, we always drink beer." —*Outspan*

A PORTLY AMATEUR soprano seeking a job in vaudeville went to an agent with a list of the "numbers" she could sing. The agent glanced through it and then looked up at the girl.

"You've got a pretty big repertoire, haven't you?" he said.

"Well," replied the singer, blushing slightly, "it's the breathing that develops one, you know." —*Tit-Bits*

"DID YOU NOTICE," inquired a member of a group of women hashing over a holiday party, "that the only one who thought the room too cold was the woman who got a fur jacket for Christmas?"

—Eleanor Clarage

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TRUTH DRUGS:

The New Crime Solver

by JOHN BARKHAM

Their amazing properties are helping to convict the guilty and clear the innocent

AS THE PRISONER lay on the couch, he seemed confident enough. Watching the doctor prepare a syringe, Lester Frisch knew the police really had nothing on him. Days of grilling at Kansas City Police Headquarters had not shaken his story.

True, he had been keeping company with the late Florence Harlass, but he had not killed her. That was his story, and he had stuck to it even through the drunken stupor in which the police had found him.

Frisch had good grounds for his confidence. He genuinely could not recall ever having attacked, let alone murdered, his mistress. Hence his willingness to submit to the truth test suggested by the police. After all, no drug could make a man tell what he actually didn't know, could it? . . .

The doctor was ready now. Into the antecubital vein just below the crook of Frisch's left arm, he began to inject sodium pentothal. "Start counting backwards from 100," he suggested.

Frisch began counting: "100, 99, 98, 97, 96 . . ."

The needle was still in his arm. Now the drug began to take effect. At "78, 77, 76 . . ." Frisch stopped counting. The sibilants had fallen from his tongue: his head turned from side to side, and his eyes grew big, as though frightened. "Oh-o-oh," he said.

The detective behind the couch now began to ask questions.

"Do you have a girl friend?"

"I sure do," the patient answered alertly, without hesitation.

"What's her name?"

"Florence Harlass."

"Do you happen to know where she is now?"

"She's dead. She kept on making a noise."

"Who killed her?"

"I did."

"How did you kill her?"

"I hit her and she fell on the bedpost."

Later, when Frisch listened to his confession, he didn't argue. The facts unlocked from his subconscious mind by the truth drug now came flooding back to him. In court he pleaded guilty to second-degree manslaughter and got a ten-year prison sentence.

What the sodium pentothal had done to Frisch was to relax the higher centers of the brain, which

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ordinarily act as censors of articulated thoughts. Too large a dose would have sent him to sleep, too little would have failed to break his reserve. But just enough—the point where he stopped counting—held him in a state of narcosis where his subconscious could be shorn of its innermost secrets.

With this magical power to unlock the subconscious, the truth drugs should be a revolutionary weapon for law-enforcement agencies. And, in fact, they have become the most spectacular crime solver in the country—but secretly, unofficially.

The simple truth is that the drugs have created legal problems as great as their potentialities—problems that have been a nettle in the hands of police ever since a 41-year-old Dallas physician accidentally stumbled on the "truth-buster" in 1916.

Dr. Robert Ernest House had just delivered a healthy infant to a Texas farmer's wife. He had used scopolamine as a narcotic, and the mother was still "under." He called to the father in the next room to bring in the scales. The man could not find the scales, but from the depth of her narcosis the patient mumbled: "They are in the kitchen on a nail behind the picture." And they were.

It dawned on Dr. House that he had hit on a new and important property of the drug. His patient had spoken lucidly from the half-world between sleeping and wakefulness. Apparently the drug could make the mind accessible by breaking down normal inhibitions. Could it be used as a crime detector?

Over a period of several years, with police cooperation, Dr. House administered it to 84 convicts in the Dallas County jail. The drug appeared to be a scientific boon to justice, enmeshing the guilty and clearing the innocent. Almost all the prisoners spontaneously admitted their crimes, although a few had to be prodded with questions. And on the basis of their stories under the drug, several were released as unjustly convicted.

SHORTLY AFTER Dr. House's discovery, the city of Birmingham, Alabama, found itself cringing in the face of 24 brutal murders. The criminals carried hatchets during burglaries and many of the victims were killed in bed.

In desperation, police rounded up many suspects, and under the stimulus of the truth drug, five killers confessed. Birmingham was released from the terror.

Bound up with the drug's powers, however, were its problems. Three years after Dr. House's discovery, the first attempt was made to introduce drug-induced testimony in court. The case was one in which George Hudson, a young deliveryman, was tried for the rape of a 65-year-old woman who positively identified him although it had been too dark to see.

Hudson's defense was an alibi, to which he firmly adhered in a truth-drug test. The jury found the defendant guilty and the judge sentenced him to 25 years in prison. Later the Court of Appeals had some strong words concerning the use of truth drugs.

"Testimony of this character," the higher tribunal affirmed, "is, in the present state of human knowl-

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edge, unworthy of serious consideration. The trial court ruled correctly in excluding this claptrap from the jury."

This was a legal body-blow to the truth drug, but its use was continued less openly but with undeniable success. By the 1930s, psychiatrists had joined police doctors in its use, and this wider application soon established that sodium pentothal and sodium amytal, particularly the former, yielded superior results to the scopolamine Dr. House had employed.

By 1935, use of the truth drugs had spread to several states, and Dr. Clarence W. Muehlberger, head of the Michigan Crime Detection Laboratory at East Lansing, frequently tried sodium pentothal on reluctant suspects. Often it worked amazingly.

One patient was a taxi driver accused by a woman passenger of having taken a purse containing $500 she had left in his cab. The driver maintained he had never seen the woman before. When a lie-detector test failed to shake him, he cheerfully agreed to take sodium pentothal. It quickly penetrated his defensive front and induced him to admit not only that he had taken the money, but where he had hidden it as well.

But it was the law itself that remained the chief obstacle to official use of the truth drugs. Prosecutors went on using them to trap suspects, defense attorneys to clear innocent clients, police to help amnesia victims—all without benefit of publicity. Then along came World War II to confirm the Pandoralike powers of the drugs in an even more remarkable way.

Two Air Force psychiatrists, Dr. Roy R. Grinker and Dr. John P. Spiegel, used them on "psychologically wounded" fliers. Just as they had previously uncovered criminal guilt, so now they bared moral guilt among airmen. Fliers whose hidden fears made them unfit for further combat were able to bring those fears into the open, where they could be treated.

A typical case was that of the fighter pilot who was brought to a front-line hospital in a fit of deep melancholia, his face drawn, his muscles rigid. Under sodium pentothal he began to relive an experience his conscious mind was trying to forget. As the doctors watched, he was back on a strafing mission, staring in terror as the plane next to his went down in flames.

"Bail out, Joe, bail out! . . . " He was yelling desperately. "Oh, why doesn't he bail out . . . ?" A long, tense pause followed. "A swell guy . . . " in a broken voice. "I hope I wasn't responsible for his death."

Once the patient had learned about his mistaken sense of guilt for the fatality, it was easy to speed his recovery.

So powerful were the effects of the drug in some cases that patients actually acted out parts of the battle scene. "It is electrifying," Dr. Grinker reported, "to watch the terror exhibited in moments of supreme danger. The body becomes rigid, the eyes widen and the pupils dilate, while the skin becomes covered with perspiration. The hands move about convulsively, as if groping for a weapon, or a friend to share the danger."

After the war, the technique de-

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veloped by Drs. Grinker and Spiegel was extended to civilian use. Dr. Grinker himself played the central role in what has so far proved to be the most spectacular triumph of a truth drug. When the Heirens case hit the headlines in 1946, for the first time public attention was focused on the drug as a crime solver.

William Heirens, a husky Chicago youth, was arrested for attempted burglary. In a tussle with police, he was injured, and while he lay in a hospital, detectives established that his fingerprints matched those found on a ransom note sent to the parents of Suzanne Degnan, a murdered six-year-old child, and another note found on the apartment door of Frances Brown, a murdered WAVE.

Police tried hard to get something out of Heirens, but he lay in bed hour after hour, seemingly in a coma. Physicians were sure he was shamming, so they called in Dr. Grinker, now director of the Institute for Psychosomatic and Psychiatric Research and Training at Michael Reese Hospital, Chicago.

Into the arm of the suspect Grinker began to pass sodium pentothal, and soon Heirens sank into narcosis. Simultaneously his silence gave way to a torrent of words. In his relaxed state he freely confessed to the Brown and Degnan murders, plus a third one police had not yet pinned on him.

This was the clincher, but once more police found themselves caught in the old legal quandary. The confession was ample to send Heirens to the chair, but it had been extracted by the truth drug. If the prosecution tendered it as legal evidence, the defense would undoubtedly call Dr. Grinker as a witness, and the confession would have to be ruled as involuntary and therefore inadmissible under Illinois law. Thus the only confession accepted as valid was a lesser one made by Heirens to his own lawyers, on the basis of which he was sentenced to prison for life.

FIVE YEARS have passed since the Heirens case, but the debate about the drugs goes on. Some object to their use on moral and ethical grounds: they are "unreliable," "too mechanical," "too reminiscent of the third degree."

Even the medical profession is divided on their use. There is no question about their therapeutic value in psychiatric cases, but many physicians argue that a doctor should never use a drug except to heal or relieve a patient.

In all of this controversy, no one has questioned the effectiveness of the drugs themselves. Their performance has, on the whole, been unmistakably successful. Thus, undercover use of the drugs is much more widespread than is generally supposed.

A good example of *sub rosa* technique was the Puhr killing in Kansas City. Albert Puhr, a butcher, was shot one evening after closing his store. There was no clue to the killer, but police secured a description of a customer with whom Puhr had had an altercation that afternoon.

A suspect named Joe Centimano was brought in for questioning, but he firmly denied knowing anything about the murder. As a last resort, Capt. Phil Hoyt, head of the Kansas City Police Laboratory, decided to

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try sodium pentothal. Instantly the suspect's resistance dropped away.

"Did you kill Puhr?"

"No, I didn't."

"Who killed him?"

"My brother Dominick."

"How did you find out about Dominick?"

"He said he shot the man he had had an argument with."

With this information, Hoyt had Dominick picked up. No mention was made of Joe's confession, only that Dominick had been seen shooting Puhr. Confronted with a detailed description of the crime, Dominick confessed.

"What's the use?" he said. "You've got me. I killed Puhr."

Naturally nothing was said about the truth drug at the trial either. But whether Centimano knew it or not, it was the drug that sent him to jail for ten years.

And so, with or without legal sanction, the truth drugs will go on baring secrets and solving crimes when all other means have failed.

Anything to Oblige

HOW DESPERATE the housing situation continues to be may be surmised from the following touching incident:

In a certain Southern city, a householder who is subject to nightmares advertised in the local newspaper:

"Room and board offered to couple who would not object to screaming in the night."

Before the crack of dawn the following morning, the telephone rang and a woman's desperate voice came over the wire:

"I have just read your ad in the morning paper. Tell me, just how often would you require us to scream?" —*Ties*

A WOMAN AT A style show was attracted by an evening gown worn by a curvaceous model. "That would look nice at our party next Saturday," she hinted to her husband.

"Sure would," he agreed. "Why not invite her?" —*Mueller Record*

RETURNING TO the home office after an extensive selling trip through Kansas, Thatcher was afraid the slight volume of orders he had obtained might not go very well with the boss. Instead, that worthy received him with boisterous cordiality, crying, "My boy, I'm proud of you! We've been getting letters from all over Kansas—many from places we'd never even heard of—saying they have seen our samples. How did you manage it?"

"Oh, that—that wasn't anything," Thatcher said modestly.

"Yes, it was!" the boss insisted. "Now, tell us how you did it."

The salesman grinned, as he replied simply: "Cyclone!"

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

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Special Feature

ACROSS THE PACIFIC ON A *Raft*

by—THOR HEYERDAHL

Pictures and text from *Kon-Tiki, Across the Pacific by Raft*. Copyright, 1950, by Thor Heyerdahl, the

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The Seagoing Six: Knut Haughland, radioman; Bengt Danielsson, ethnologist; Thor Heyerdahl, author; Erik Hesselberg, painter; Torstein Raaby, radioman; and Herman Watzinger, engineer.

NAMESAKE OF A SUN KING

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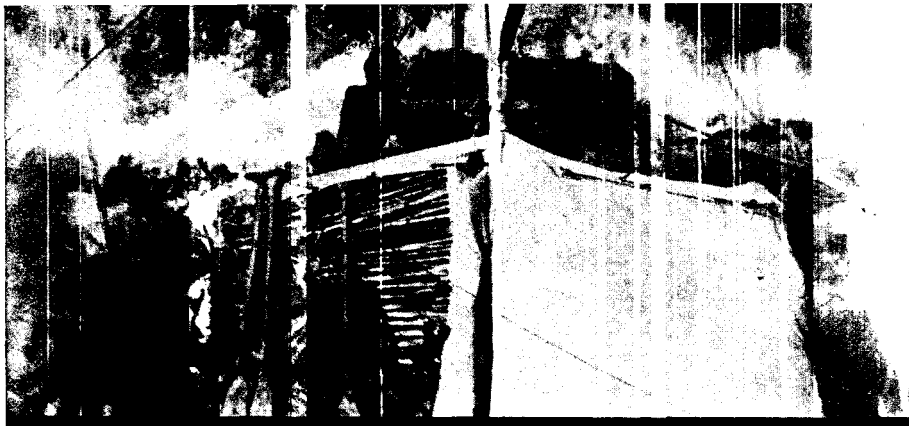

This is how the *Kon-Tiki* looked from its 29-foot mast. Below are the roof of the bamboo cabin and the man on watch, precariously perched beside the steering oar, two feet above the Pacific.

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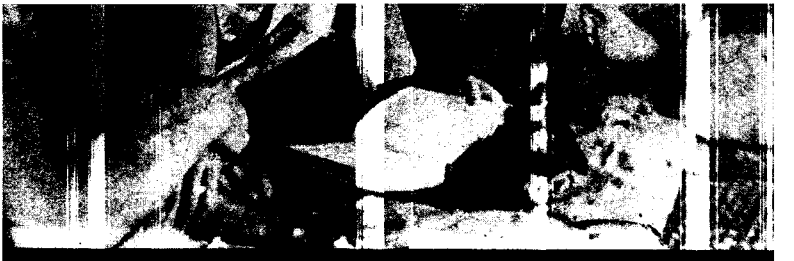

Inside the 8-by-14-foot cabin, the voyagers read, write, and ease, protected from the glare of the sun and the worst buffe but not from the playful caresses of mammoth waves.

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After being menaced by sharks for hundreds of miles, the crew at
learned how to deal with them. A shark would come close to the
accept a piece of bait, and dive below. As his tail came up, the fis

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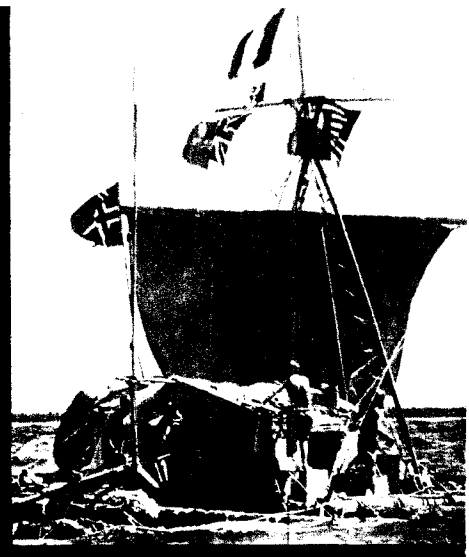
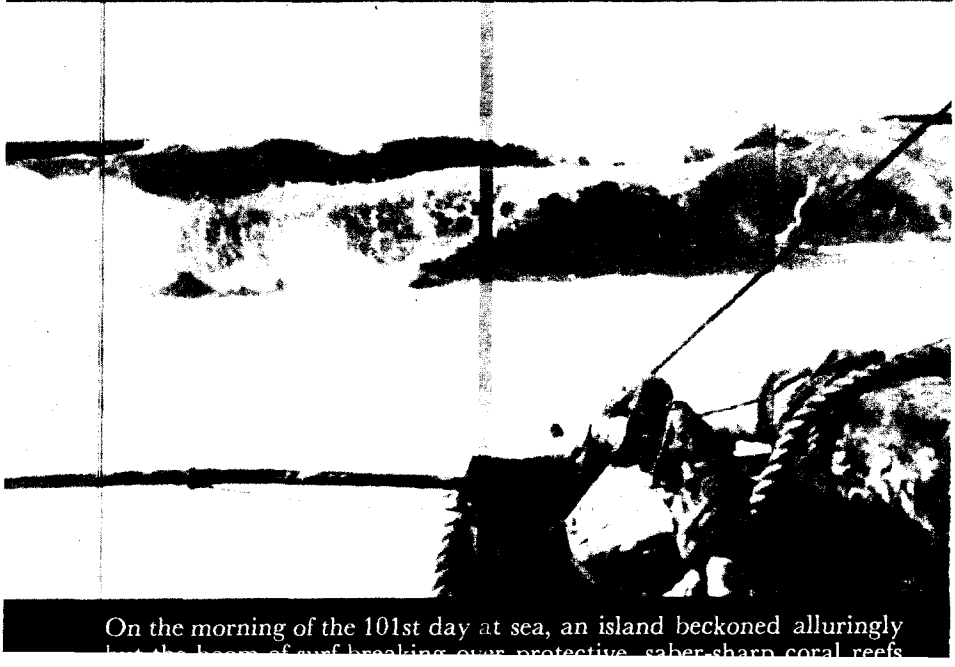


When the raft was 3,300 miles and 66 days out, the first Polynesian land birds appeared—visible signs that the long quest had succeeded. Soon after, all flags aboard were hoisted to the rigging.



On the morning of the 101st day at sea, an island beckoned alluringly just the boom of surf breaking over protective, saber-sharp coral reefs

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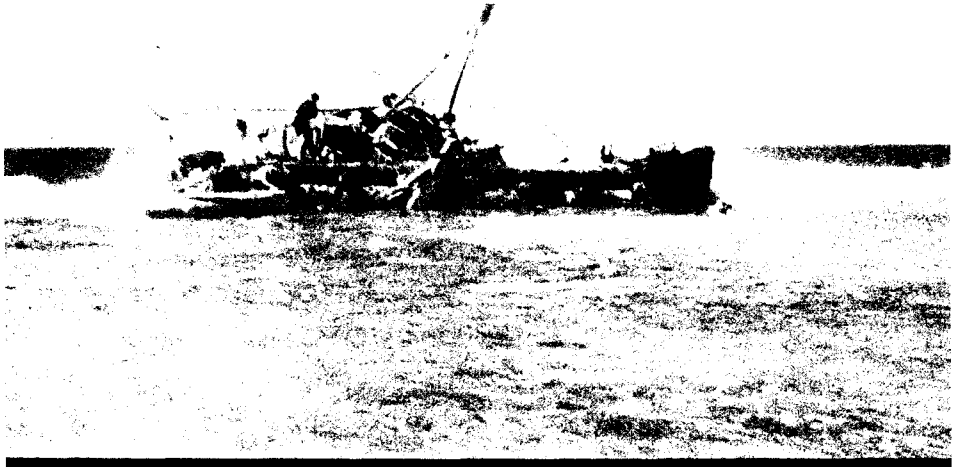

Irresistibly the raft drifted closer, closer to the waiting trap. All at once it rose on a gigantic wave, soared antically, crashed! The whole Pacific Ocean seemed to rise up and deluge the clinging crew.

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The New Approach to WORLD PEACE

by GEN. J. LAWTON COLLINS *(Chief of Staff, U.S. Army)*

A noted general offers a program for safeguarding our freedom

IF OUR ARMY is to be an effective force to prevent war, or to oppose armies that are superior in numbers of men and quantities of equipment—as it has in Korea and as it may in another war—then our Army must have the greatest mobility and firepower that American genius can produce.

For only one military organization can hold and gain ground in war, as the Korean fighting has so amply proved—a ground army, supported of course by tactical aviation and with supply lines guarded by a navy. It was such a team—Army, Navy, Marines, and Air Force—in splendid unity among themselves and with our United Nations partners, under General MacArthur's distinguished leadership, that turned the desperate Pusan bridgehead into a brilliant military victory. And it is such a team that will win if the free world is again invaded.

The survival of our nation may depend upon how well we succeed in producing sufficient mobility and firepower for our ground forces. In this endeavor, we must guard against the tendency to look upon the Korean fighting as a "Preview of Future War." The war in Korea has been a reversion to old-style fighting—more comparable to that of our own Indian frontier days than to modern war.

Although some of the equipment, and some of the tactics that the enemy has used, are undoubtedly similar to what we might expect to face in a war of the future, I do not believe the Korea fighting is typical of future war.

Our troops have not been subjected to any significant air attack; our air forces have enjoyed complete command of the air; and hostile naval action has been insignificant—all of which have permitted our ground forces and our splendid logistical support to reach maximum effectiveness. *Of course, the fact that the great strength of the Korean communists lay in ground forces would be typical of any war that we might fight elsewhere in the world, for it is in huge ground forces that the greatest strength of the Police States lies.*

To prevent an invasion of western Europe, the area most coveted by the communists, we would have to fight an altogether different war

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than we have been fighting in Korea. Our logistical support would be subjected to air and naval attack, and we and our friends would face a strong tactical air force. This would mean that our own tactical air forces would have a more difficult task, and Army antiaircraft would play a greater role. With modern road-nets and communications systems, armor would take on increased importance. We would have to face many more tanks, including heavy tanks.

Therefore, it is my conviction that we must not let attacks such as the one in Korea cause us to discontinue our long-range programs for development of new equipment, including the tactical application of atomic weapons by Army troops, which will not only strengthen our own forces but will assist the other nations of the free world. Our continued security requires that we and our friends apply our resources —manpower, scientific genius, and industrial capacity—to cope with this problem. The progress we and our friends have already made is so encouraging that I feel we must increase our effort.

For these reasons, I believe that the modernization of equipment is the No. 1 problem of the Army.

Any discussion of the Army must be prefaced with the statement that the individual soldier is still the most important element on the battlefield. There can be no substitute for him. *Since our potential enemies have forces in being much larger than we have, our soldiers must have the maximum effectiveness that our superior scientific and industrial power can provide.*

In the modernization of the Army's equipment, we have been placing special emphasis on airborne and air-transportability, tanks and antitank weapons, antiaircraft and guided missiles, and tactical air support. Let us take them up one at a time.

Airborne and Air-Transportability

THE CONCEPT that we must exploit the increased capabilities of air power by bringing air mobility to all possible resources of the Army has far-reaching implications. Most of our units, other than airborne divisions, have been in the past trained and equipped to move by land and water. Under this new concept, we have the opportunity to widen the mobility and radius of operation of ground troops many times over.

The progress we have already made is so encouraging we must not let the obstacles that remain deter us from vigorously exploring this promising new field—which I consider to be one of the most important developments in land warfare in modern times.

It is our hope that, through increased air mobility, each of our divisions eventually can do the work of several present-day divisions. That hope is based not on mere speculation, but on the impressive results we achieved by the limited employment of air power in committing men and equipment to combat from the air in the great land battles of World War II, and the fact that, in Korea, air power delivered the first troops into the fight and continued to deliver large quantities of supplies and replacements both from the U. S. and from Japan, as well as parachutists

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directly into combat.

For example, because our new assault transports can take off and land in incredibly short distances, it may be possible to develop comparable transports to operate from aircraft carriers. It seems to me that such a combination of sea and air transport could be used to great advantage in delivering army airborne and air-transported units to their objectives. It also seems to me that by this means the Navy would logically extend one of its vital roles —transporting the Army.

We are working very closely with the Air Force and the Navy in a joint effort to solve our mutual problems. Among the specific improvements we have made is the prototype of a plane that can carry a tank. This is a significant achievement, since our inability to deliver tanks by air was one of the greatest weaknesses of our airborne operations of World War II. This plane can carry 200 fully equipped men, or 50,000 pounds of cargo.

We have also developed planes and equipment that have not only carried successfully the "Jeep" and the 105 mm Howitzer but have permitted us to drop them by parachute. We have prototypes of gliders that can carry double the loads transported by gliders during World War II, and new assault transport planes that may actually replace the glider in airborne operations. And we have the new pack-plane with a detachable cargo compartment or "Pod."

This plane is able to take off immediately after delivering men or equipment to the airhead, without having to wait for the cargo to be unloaded from the Pod.

We have been using helicopters in Korea, and are awaiting development of new prototypes which we believe will give us unprecedented capabilities for combat operations in the future. And we are hopeful that we may be able to develop the so-called "Convertiplane," which would incorporate the vertical take-off and landing characteristics of the helicopter with the horizontal flight characteristics of conventional aircraft.

In my opinion, we have only begun to exploit the possibilities of applying air transportation to the Army. Given transports in sufficient quantity, our divisions could assume greater strategic importance for distant areas threatened in the world, or in the far-flung operations of a global war. With the necessary gliders and other specialized equipment, our airborne divisions could go over enemy lines to strike vital targets which otherwise could only be taken at great loss in men and equipment.

Tank and Antitank Weapons

THE EFFECTIVENESS of our tanks in Korea has been the subject of considerable comment. In the early phases of the fighting, much criticism was directed at our apparent inability to counter the threat posed by modern tanks of Soviet design. Today I believe the splendid performance of our tanks and antitank weapons in Korea testifies eloquently to the encouraging progress we have made. However, I believe I should clarify some misunderstandings that apparently have arisen with respect to our tank warfare.

Because we recognize we shall be

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on the defensive during the initial phases of any future war, we have had to place emphasis upon development and production of weapons which will give us the greatest possible defensive strength. The sheer magnitude of our requirements has forced us to place principal reliance for antitank defense upon weapons which we can afford to produce in peacetime in the vast quantities which we would require for war.

We recognize that the tank is undoubtedly one of the best weapons—if not the best weapon—against another tank, especially when we can mount some of our new antitank weapons on it. But the tank is primarily for offensive use in reconnaissance, breakthrough, and exploitation, and the price of one tank—upwards of $200,000 — would buy a much greater quantity of defensive antitank weapons—bazookas, for example, which cost only $65 each.

This factor of cheapness is of even greater significance to the peoples of western Europe, who need defensive weapons they can produce within their struggling economies.

Although we have been emphasizing our development of improved antitank ammunition and the now-famous 3.5-inch bazooka, which proved so successful in Korea, we have also been seeking to provide a balanced family of new tanks—light, medium, and heavy—unsurpassed in firepower, mobility, and defensive armor.

The first member of the series—the T-41 light tank—has far exceeded our expectations, and we are now awaiting delivery of a sufficient number to equip divisions and smaller units. At an early date, we will have pilot models of our new T-42 medium tank with a new high-velocity gun which we shall service-test in competition with the new Patton that has performed so well in Korea. *Also at an early date, we will have pilot models of the new T-43 heavy tank, with even greater armament, which we are confident will be capable of defeating any other known tank in existence today.*

Much current thinking with respect to tank warfare is dominated by the urgent necessity to devise suitable means of defense against the powerful heavy tanks known to be among the 40,000 tanks in Police State armies. There are those who feel that only by matching heavy tank for heavy tank can we hope to win on the battlefield. However, others, who are equally competent, believe that we may be able to achieve the same results at considerable savings by equipping our highly mobile medium tanks with radically improved guns and ammunition.

I intend to see that the development of tanks of all types, as well as antitank weapons, continues to be expedited, although emphasis must always be placed on those items giving the greatest combat effectiveness for the lowest cost.

Antiaircraft and Guided Missiles

IN THE VITAL FIELD of antiaircraft, the advent of jet aircraft has required radical departures from World War II equipment. The continuing development of planes with ever-increasing speeds has further emphasized our need for new counter-weapons of all types.

Our best answer to date for the

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threat posed by aircraft at short and medium ranges is the new 75 mm "Skysweeper" gun. This weapon has been developed to replace the present standard 40 mm gun of World War II fame, which does not have sufficiently sensitive fire control, sufficient range, or sufficient destructive effect to engage modern aircraft.

The primary new features of the Skysweeper are its integral radar-directed fire-control system and its VT-fused ammunition. Tests to date indicate that this weapon is capable of engaging aircraft at supersonic speeds, both by day and night. We have orders for a limited number of these weapons now, and expect to buy more of them during each succeeding year. And for detecting and engaging high-altitude aircraft traveling at near-sonic speeds, we are buying a number of extremely accurate fire-control systems for use with our long-range antiaircraft guns.

It is becoming increasingly clear, however, that we are approaching practical limits in the development of *conventional* antiaircraft weapons, and that we must look for more promising means of meeting future requirements. For that reason, we are placing renewed emphasis upon antiaircraft rockets and guided missiles. Only recently I visited our antiaircraft center at Fort Bliss, Texas, and our guided-missile proving ground at White Sands, New Mexico, and I can say that genuine progress is being made.

When we get to the procurement stage, the cheapest missile may cost several thousand dollars. The more complicated ones will cost much more, but if one of these can knock out a bomber carrying an atomic bomb, then it would be a cheap investment.

We are also developing surface-to-surface guided missiles to extend the range of our artillery, especially during those times when, because of weather or darkness, tactical air support is not available.

Tactical Air Support

THE OUTSTANDING air-ground support that the Air Force, Navy, and Marines furnished ground units in Korea is eloquent proof of the artillery capabilities of modern tactical aircraft.

The success of ground operations in any future war will depend more than ever on the degree of air support and transportation furnished the Army. With the increased firepower afforded by tactical air support to isolate the enemy and drive him to cover, our ground units can gain freedom of movement quickly to overcome an enemy. And this air support can come from either the Air Force, Navy, or Marines.

It is for these reasons that we in the Army are placing greater emphasis on air-ground co-ordination, and are working with the other services to solve the problems this co-ordination entails.

Man—the Most Important Weapon

A FACT THAT BEARS constant reiteration is that man has always been the most important ingredient of armies. In the Army, unlike the Navy and Air Force, the basic element is not a ship, not a plane, but the individual soldier. New weapons only increase his importance.

We have in the Army today the

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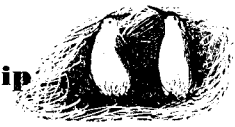
best men we have ever had. Many are veterans with distinguished records in combat. Many are skillful technicians in a wide variety of fields—radar specialists, engineers, medical men, and many others.

Just as we realize we must achieve maximum effectiveness from our equipment dollar, we also realize we must achieve maximum effectiveness from manpower resources. We can do this only by the use of men of superior quality who can assimilate the training we give them. Weapons such as those I have described impose unprecedented requirements upon the Army for men with technical and scientific knowledge.

But the Army today needs more than men with technical skill—it also requires men with the highest qualities of leadership and courage. The fighting in Korea has been a signal illustration of this fact. The American troops who held the Pusan bridgehead were at times outnumbered by as many as 30 to 1, but courage and determination that sprang from confidence in their weapons, their leaders, their comrades—and most important, confidence in our nation—gave each of our soldiers an effectiveness all out of proportion to his relative strength.

However, our victory in the Pusan bridgehead hung at times by such a small thread upon the courage and determination of a small band of men that we must never place dependence upon such a narrow margin of safety again. Only by insuring that we and our friends have in constant readiness armies that have a combination of trained and determined men, modern weapons, and skilled and courageous leadership—supported by adequate tactical aviation, and with supply lines guarded by navies—can we command sufficient respect from the evil forces in the world to prevent war, or can we be assured of victory if these evil forces thrust war upon us.

Super-salesmanship



A MAN HALED into a Wisconsin court for peddling toys without a license succeeded in selling three mechanical penguins to the judge before he was ordered out of town.

IN ILLINOIS, a patient on leaving after an operation presented the hospital with a bill. He was a salesman, and while recuperating he had persuaded the staff to contract for the purchase of a deep-freeze unit.

A CALIFORNIA insurance agent received a ticket for driving through a pedestrian crosswalk. Before driving away, however, he had sold the officer a policy.

—HERMAN E. KRIMMEL

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Tommy Bartlett, popular host on "Welcome Travelers" (NBC, Mon.-Fri., 10-10:30 A.M., EST), thinks you should know the English equivalent of the names of some of the Europeans who have appeared on his program. For instance, it's Carlos in Madrid, but Charles in Des Moines. Test your knowledge with the following, taking five points for each correct answer. A score of 80 is good; 90 or more is excellent. Answers on Page 148.

1. Sheila
2. Ludwig
3. Bianca
4. Karen
5. Pierre
6. Inez
7. Ivan
8. Guido
9. Eileen
10. Fernando
11. François
12. Giuseppe
13. Estelle
14. Enrico
15. Fritz
16. Amerigo
17. Raoul
18. Ibrahim
19. Alister
20. Fyodor

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN TODHUNTER

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They Save Your Dollars

by DICKSON HARTWELL

From coast to coast, citizens' groups are waging war on waste and inefficiency

GLANCING SUSPICIOUSLY over a list of proposed city appropriations, George F. Sears, then executive director of the Taxpayers Association in Brockton, Massachusetts, noticed a routine request by the mayor for $100 for three new private telephones.

Sears knew the city provided home phones for high officials, theoretically on call 24 hours a day. But he couldn't recollect any qualified executive not already enjoying the privilege. He decided to look into the matter.

Whenever Sears investigated Brockton's affairs, his neighbors put fingers to ears and braced for the explosion. This one wasn't long in coming, for Sears discovered city-paid phone bills not only for minor officials but also for retired employees and even for widows of retired employees. Moreover, the city was paying for personal calls to points as far away as California.

When Sears was through, Brockton's city-paid home phones had been cut from more than 200 to 64, and its long-suffering taxpayers saved $6,000 a year.

Sears and his association typify a growing number of big and little organizations formed for the happy purpose of protecting the citizen's pocketbook. They are out to stop waste in government. Thrifty citizens have started hundreds of vigilante taxpayer organizations throughout New England, and the movement is gaining ground in 36 other states from New Hampshire to California.

These groups aren't merely looking for graft, though occasionally they uncover it. They are searching out mismanagement, inefficiency, and sometimes plain stupidity. Operating without governmental status and merely as interested citizens, they have put municipal garbage collecting on a paying basis, merged overlapping departments, initiated ten-year community development programs in which future expenditures are carefully studied and prepared for, and hired outside engineers to reappraise local property for more equitable assessments.

Tax associations often rely for results on simple common sense. In Quincy, Massachusetts, William M. Edmonston, executive vice-president, wondered why the city was

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selling much less water than it purchased. When his questions got unsatisfactory answers, he asked the City Council to hire engineers to check. They discovered underground leaks causing an annual water loss of 394,000,000 gallons. Plugging the leaks saved taxpayers $16,000 a year.

One Eastern association surveyed city-owned property and found fire insurance was carried on buildings not worth replacing, while other valuable structures were uninsured. By installing a $36,000 sprinkler system in a high school, and by shrewd buying, the town's insurance protection was increased from $1,700,000 to $4,323,806, *at no increase in year-to-year cost!*

THE FIRST professionally staffed taxpayers' group was organized in 1905 in New York City by John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie, and other businessmen. The first state association started ten years later in Arizona. Now the work is gaining professional standing, and half a dozen universities, notably Wayne, Syracuse, and Denver, award degrees in public administration.

Typical of the young up-and-coming taxpayer groups is New York State's Citizens Public Expenditure Survey, which one time jammed 10,000 informed and protesting citizens into a hearing on an outrageously high state budget. Its operating head is Walter O. Howe. Friendly, persuasive, and brimful of facts, Howe doesn't mind spending but he abhors waste. In its first two years of operation, he estimates, his association has saved taxpayers $71,000,000.

"All we did was get the facts," he says. "Give the public and the Legislature the facts, and they can decide what is wise spending."

Howe's organization recently demonstrated the validity of this theory. Like most states, New York has the enormously difficult and expensive problem of modernizing its highways. Existing roads, which were designed primarily for pleasure cars, are being pounded to pieces by heavy trucks. Sturdier roads are essential. New super-built throughways are needed to speed traffic. Construction and rehabilitation might start immediately but for one drawback. The cost is astronomical.

Unhappily, there is no money to pay even a portion of the huge sums required for road improvement. In this rather-common situation, harassed legislators generally authorize a bond issue and try to think up some cute and painless way of paying off the bonds. All too often, this consists of putting the tax where it produces the least eruptive complaint—that is, on the disorganized taxpayer.

Foreseeing just such a possibility, Howe and his committee called in the famed consultants, Griffenhagen and Associates, and asked them to make a study of highway finance and taxation.

In the completed analysis, one significant fact stood out: the average motorist, driving his average sedan the average 10,000 miles a year and using 625 gallons of gasoline, was paying four times as much highway-user taxes per pound, per mile as the 40,000-pound, highway-chewing truck that pounded along with its commercial

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payload some 60,000 miles a year.

In developing a sensible taxation program, the report proposed that certain highway taxes would be based on the number of miles per ton that a car or truck moved a year. Thus, a passenger car, weighing a couple of tons and traveling a couple of thousand miles a year, would be charged considerably less than a behemoth weighing 50 tons and traveling several thousand miles per year.

It is research as imaginative and painstaking as this that enhances the reputation of tax associations.

NORMAN MACDONALD, executive director of the Massachusetts Federation of Taxpayers Associations, has saved so much money for the people of Massachusetts that they no longer try to estimate it.

For 12 years he has been fighting one of the classic battles of the Commonwealth, the hurricane claims. After the 1938 New England hurricane, the state made emergency appropriations to repair damage to some institutions. MacDonald began looking into these repairs, and the resulting investigation uncovered a scandal.

At the Worcester State Teachers College, $23,000 was spent to roof and repair an abandoned building. An expensive new fence was raised around an unused tennis court. At Westfield Teachers College, the president's house got two coats of paint on the outside and was renovated inside, though the structure had sustained no damage whatsoever from the hurricane!

The courts declared that the state should not pay for such obvious chicanery, but every year since, claims have been pressed on the Legislature. As memory of the scandal fades, temptation mounts to pay the claimants and be done with it. But Norman MacDonald keeps the scandal alive.

Like most of his colleagues, MacDonald is death on little wastes. Legislature appoints numerous commissions, composed mostly of its members, to study various problems and report to the next session. With expenses of $5,000 and up (in 1949, 35 committees had $704,000 to spend), some of these commissions have a high time.

The Boston Market Authority Commission, for example, found it necessary to go to Florida to study market methods. When the new Shamrock Hotel was being glorified in Houston, Texas, three groups found it essential to pursue their studies there. One of them was the Commission to Study the Port of Boston!

MacDonald delights in calling attention to such shenanigans. Equally serious is his effort to speed legislative action. Notorious for its absenteeism and shilly-shallying—though it costs $16,000 a week to stay in session—in 1949 the Massachusetts Legislature hit an all-time high in absentees, an average of 38 missing all the time.

Quietly, MacDonald compiled the yearly record of each of the 280 legislators. Then he sent it to all newspapers and to thousands of taxpayers, reminding them that these men had just voted themselves a pay raise and the most liberal pension plan in the nation. The legislators cried out in pain.

When the 1950 Legislature convened, MacDonald was again cat

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at mousehole. On the first roll call, he counted 58 absentees, and promptly pounced. Three hours later he had a complete tabulation on the wires. The effect was electric. In 1950, absenteeism was cut in half, giving the people of the state more representation on vital issues and preventing dawdling which wastes thousands of dollars.

Taxpayer association work is not limited to big-time, big-budget areas. Small communities, dissatisfied with wornout methods, often lack funds to hire competent technical advice. Big-brother outfits, such as the Connecticut Public Expenditure Council, give skilled direction free of charge, while local volunteers do the leg work.

Farmington, with one town, two boroughs, two school districts, and one improvement association within its borders, was the most overadministered town in the state. After a free-advice survey, the districts were merged and a professional manager hired to keep local government streamlined.

With such unselfish devotion to the principle of sound but thrifty government, the influence of these organizations is steadily spreading. Because alert and expertly staffed associations are monitoring public spending, the American taxpayer's pocketbook at last is getting a long-needed break.

Behind the Iron Curtain

A FELLOW WE KNOW in Salzburg is a fugitive from the Commyguns in Hungary, with a price on his head. Currently he is awaiting admittance to America. He recently received the following letter from a relative in Budapest:

"We are all doing very well. Do not send us any parcels or letters—we do not want anything from the capitalist world. Our life is different from what it was years ago. We have a room, and my salary is sufficient to buy what we need.

"Istvan and Margit are doing best of all. They are having a good time with their mother. They have a flat of three rooms, which you could use, too, when you come home. Do come home!"

Istvan and Margit are the recipient's children. They as well as their mother died before World War II. Their three rooms are their graves. With a little ingenuity, it is possible to get a good deal of information past the Soviet censor.

—IRVING HOFFMAN

HARRY HERSHFIELD tells of a visit Stalin made to a Soviet province, where he asked an old Comrade: "Are you happier now than before the Revolution?"

"No," said the old Comrade. "Before the Revolution I had two suits. Now I have only the suit I'm wearing."

"So what?" replied Stalin. "In Africa the men go around naked. They don't even have one suit."

"Really?" said the old Comrade. "When did they have their Revolution?"

—LEONARD LYONS

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God at the

by **Lt. Col. Robert J. Hearn** (*Chaplain, 24th Infantry Division, U. S. Army*)

From the bloody fighting in Korea comes this story of heroism and self-sacrifice

Out of the mud and hell of war there comes occasionally the realization that death is not self-sacrifice but godlike generosity. I know this is true, because I know a man who gave his life to prove it.

His name was Joe. His friends called him Jersey Joe since his home was there and he was quick to let you know it. Also, he was tough, with the kind of toughness that soldiers pretend when they are simply scared.

The day Jersey Joe died, he and a soldier named Ehlers were slogging southward from Taejon. Southward, in those early days of Korean fighting, meant retreat. Behind them lay the burning city; ahead, the flimsy escape bridge across the Kum River. But as they approached the bridge, they saw infiltrators dressed as peasants setting up a mortar road block.

Ehlers and Jersey Joe dove into a roadside gully and, with unbelieving eyes, watched the enemy erect the death trap. Both men knew their General had so shrewdly planned the Taejon withdrawal that already thousands of men had channeled down the escape line. Yet this band of infiltrators had somehow managed to slip through the defense.

Ehlers began to pray. At that moment there appeared in Jersey Joe the first hint of valor, long hidden beneath his cloak of rugged

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Bridgehead

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVE MINK

cynicism. He said grimly: "I've got to do something quick. The General himself will be here any minute."

From the north came a jeep, slithering along the wet clay road. "It's the Padre!" Ehlers shouted. Just then, a mortar shell from the road block tossed the chaplain and his driver into the ditch.

The chaplain crawled to the roadside. He was Capt. Edward Dorsey of Washington, D. C., a lean, athletic-looking man behind whose quick grin was a knowledge of war gained at the European front.

"The boys are scared," the chaplain said, pointing to Taejon. "They think we're leaving them to die alone. But they're not alone—God is with them."

"Yeah?" said Joe. "God up there, on the bridge block, too?"

"Could be," the chaplain replied.

Another jeep, heavily loaded, sped toward the ambush. Chaplain Dorsey knelt in the mire. "God," he prayed, "let them make it!"

"Amen," chorused Ehlers and the driver. Jersey Joe watched in silence. The jeep rumbled onto the bridge. As it reached the ambush, its occupants fired point-blank, then broke through and sped away. It seemed like an answer to the chaplain's prayer.

Suddenly Joe cried, "Look!" On the bridge understructure, two Reds clambered upward, carrying demolition grenades. As they reached the roadway, a half-track appeared to the north. "That would be the General," the chaplain said. "It means we're all out of Taejon. But if that bridge is blown, hundreds of men will be trapped."

Dorsey leaped from the ditch, but Joe caught his arm. "You're not supposed to fight," he said. Then with forced levity he added, "Pray for me." Joe started to run toward the bridge.

The two North Koreans dropped their grenades and fled. Then the men in the half-track and the men in the ditch watched Joe. He grabbed one grenade and hurled it into the river. As he picked up the second, it exploded in his hand . . .

The half-track moved forward. The General—Maj. Gen. William F. Dean of the 24th Infantry Division—saluted, then crossed the bridge to meet his own uncertain fate in the hills beyond . . .

IN RETROSPECT, it is important to us that Jersey Joe saved the bridge. It is important, too, that he learned to pray in his last moments. But what is most important is that, in dying, Joe gave his life so others might live. Through his deed, he proved that God is everywhere, even at bridgeheads.

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PENNSYLVANIA TOWN

That Bought a Future

by LOUISE LEVITAS

Everyone joined the fight to keep little Hazleton alive—with astonishing results!

THE GOVERNOR of Pennsylvania came to the small city of Hazleton in the Appalachians in October of 1949 to open a new cable-and-wire factory.

"You of Hazleton," said the Governor to the assembled townspeople, "had the energy, initiative, and fight to carry through an effort which proves that Hazleton will never wither on the vine. After World War II, every individual, every community, and every nation faced the need of adjustment. But in Hazleton you have not waited for something to be handed to you. You have done it yourselves. Your success stands as an example of what the world must do."

Then he threw a switch which opened the new three-block-long Electric Auto-Lite plant, and the townspeople thronged inside to examine their handiwork. They were more than ordinarily attentive, for the factory had been paid for by the donations of 20,000 citizens. As one of the contributors put it, patting the wall with pride, "I figure I gave 25 of these bricks."

How did a small city on the way to becoming a ghost town pull itself up by its bootstraps and build a factory promising a minimum pay roll of $750,000 a year?

The amazing story starts back in 1946, when Hazleton was battling for its economic life. A coal center, its coal was petering out; five of the 16 major anthracite mines had closed down. More than a fourth of the employable population was jobless; young men back from the Army were migrating to cities where they could find work, taking their families with them. The schools, which had had a prewar enrollment of 7,100, now mustered only 5,300 students.

Then, on a winter day in 1946,

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the five men optimistically titled "The New Industry Committee" by the Chamber of Commerce made a trip to Toledo. They were the top banker of Hazleton, the manager of the leading hotel, a department-store owner, the branch manager of the utility company, and the owner of the local radio station. A tip had reached them that the Auto-Lite Company, with headquarters in Toledo and 26 plants in operation across the country, was planning at least two more.

In the office of Royce G. Martin, Auto-Lite's president, they extolled the fine climate and willing workers of their town. Martin listened skeptically: Hazleton was only a spot on the map. Larger cities were scrambling for the new factory, offering free land, tax concessions, and other inducements.

"Of course," Martin suggested thoughtfully, "if you had a building large enough for our plant—"

"We could build one," exclaimed Victor Diehm, owner of radio station WAZL. "What would it cost?"

"About $1,200,000, I should say."

The five visitors sat in stunned silence. For a blighted town like Hazleton, this was a fantastic figure. Once the factory was built, Auto-Lite would be paying most of it back in rent. But meanwhile? . . .

Diehm looked an unspoken question at James F. Koch, the committee's banker, but he shook his head. The banks, he explained, could lend only $700,000 of the total. The other half-million would have to come from somewhere else —and on short notice. Where?

After a minute of unhappy conjecture, Diehm broke the silence. "We can do it!" he said positively, while his colleagues stared at him in amazement.

"Victor, you're an infernal optimist!" the hotel manager said on the train going home. "Why did you have to make that promise?"

"You got us into something, all right," Koch added. "I'll bet you a new hat we don't make it."

The committee went into a huddle with the town's financial and civic leaders, then returned to Toledo several times for more information on the kind of factory needed and on how long Auto-Lite would wait. It was late in February before all the details had been thrashed out and the Chamber of Commerce could go to the people of Hazleton with their story.

But the first order of business, before any fund raising, was to elect a chairman who had nerve enough to ask for so much in such a short time. Notifying the plump, jovial Diehm that he was it, a committee associate reminded him: "You said we could do it!"

HAZLETON IS a cosmopolitan community made up of Czech-, Italian-, Irish-, Lithuanian-, and Welsh-Americans; but for small-town people they had a big point of view, and years of Depression had not dissipated their civic pride.

So Diehm put it to them with showmanship. At a town meeting in the high-school auditorium, he said Hazleton's future was in their hands. A half-million dollars had to be raised *in three weeks*—the deadline Auto-Lite had given them.

"No one's going to get anything back on this investment," he told them. "It's an outright gift for the good of the town. We've got to de-

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cide either to put up or give up!"

There was no question about the answer. Next day the fund-raising drive began to roll. "Now is the time!" Diehm's radio station broadcast in spot announcements every 15 minutes. A poster message—"Give to Hazleton's new industry!"—appeared above every parking meter on the main street, in large type over the mastheads of the two newspapers. Store windows blossomed with models of the hoped-for plant. Five days after the drive started, the huge street thermometer outside campaign headquarters registered $117,800.

The first contribution came from a small laundryman who, stirred by civic obligation, figured out with pencil and paper that if everyone in Hazleton gave $12, it would add up to $500,000. There were four in his family, including two children. So he gave $48.

The largest donation, $20,000, was presented by the town's big department store; the smallest, with no less spirit, by Jackie DeLiberto. His shoeshine box slung over his shoulder, nine-year-old Jackie walked up to the contribution table in the Altamont Hotel. "Here," he said simply. Dropping a little blue bag on the table, he turned and ran. The bag held $5.35 in nickels and dimes—the money Jackie had made shining shoes that week.

The drive moved on to people in the shops, textile mills, offices, and stores, a corps of volunteers collecting contributions and handing out buttons reading: *I Gave—Did You?* Hazleton's unions assessed their treasuries to make donations. The Knights of Pythias, American Legion, Disabled American Veterans, policemen and firemen, held mass rallies and dances. The Little Theater Group put on a play. The schools staged basketball games and boxing matches.

In the last ten days before the deadline, with the thermometer at $335,195, home canvassing began. Two hundred volunteers, mostly women who left their household chores to help, started ringing every doorbell in Hazleton.

Mrs. Ruby Kurtiz, young housewife with a missionary zeal for the cause (her brother was jobless; her husband, unable to earn enough to support their home, was planning to move to another town), plowed through snowdrifts on evenings people were sure to be home.

"The first night it took real courage, standing on someone's porch and freezing, asking for money," she recalls. "I visited 16 homes—and came back with $2! Then, the next night, out of a clear sky, a woman gave me $100! I was so thrilled I almost cried."

THE THERMOMETER registered $469,748 as the drive reached the final week end. Jeeps with loudspeakers toured the streets, urging everyone to give—and give again.

The final total was still in doubt on the night of the "Victory Dinner"—the dinner that could also mean defeat. Everyone who had worked on the drive came, but few had any appetite. They sat and watched the clerical staff counting last-minute contributions.

Outside the hotel, a crowd had gathered to wait for the announcement. When at last Diehm rose to speak, silence seemed to spread over the whole city. "Tonight's total,"

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he announced, "is $620,005.32!"

The high-school band struck up a victory march, people waved noisemakers and threw confetti, and everyone inside and out cheered themselves hoarse. Almost unnoticed in the wild confusion was the quiet little ceremony in which Banker Koch presented Chairman Diehm with a new hat.

The fund kept growing until, when all the late contributions were added, the total came to $659,000. That week, President Martin of Auto-Lite told 60 of the nation's industrial leaders at a conference: "This is the outstanding community development in the U. S. It is the first time that working people have given their money and effort, with no expectation of return, so their community might prosper."

Ever since, Hazleton has indeed been climbing back to prosperity. It took two years to build the new factory. During that time, the town, with new faith in the future, started a minor building boom to take care of Auto-Lite workers. In a chain reaction, these jobs brought more jobs and more money.

And now there is a sequel to the story. With a $159,000 surplus in its factory fund, the New Industry Committee has gone back to work.

"With so much competition around," Diehm said recently, "we don't dare mention names. But there are two companies we are meeting with, and we hope to have some action pretty soon."

The story, in fact, is starting all over. Instead of living on past achievements, the town of Hazleton —not content with buying itself a new future—is determined to bring still more new industries to town, and thus insure enduring prosperity.

Out of the Mouths of Babes

"MAMA," ASKED FREDDY, "are we going to heaven some day?"

"Yes, dear, I hope so," was her reply.

"I wish Papa could go, too," mused the small fellow.

"Why, what makes you think he won't go to heaven, too?" gasped Mama.

"Oh," observed Freddy wistfully, "he'll be too busy to leave his business."

—MRS. C. R. ANDERSON

THE GROWNUPS were having one of those philosophical discussions about whether they would, if they could, change places with anyone they knew, when up spoke the small daughter of the family: "I'd like to change places with Mother."

The adults beamed approval of this sweet expression and asked the child just why she'd like that.

Said the little girl: "So I could get mad at HER sometimes!"

—ELEANOR CLARAGE

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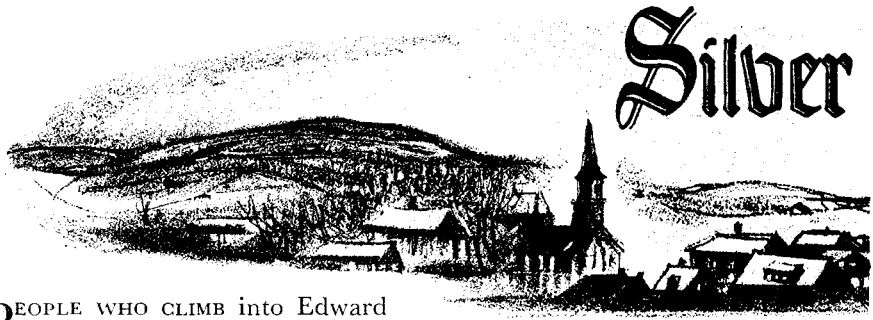

PEOPLE WHO CLIMB into Edward Hamilton's taxi in Chicago get more than just a ride.

The cab, immaculately clean, has everything from a row of newspapers to lollipops for the kids, cigarettes, safety pins, and cleansing tissue. With the help of a vacuum bottle, Eddy can even produce hot coffee (no extra charge).

Hamilton, who has been a cabbie 12 years, got the idea when a woman rider asked him for a safety pin. He says extra tips more than make up for what his super-service costs, but even if they didn't, it would be worth while. It makes the day better for riders.

And that, of course, makes the day better for the driver. —*Pathfinder*

LUEPA IS a collection of three adobe huts in the midst of some gnarled, fire-eaten snags of trees on a desolate plateau in Venezuela. Jimmie and I had flown over it several times while making flights for the Mines and Geological Department.

One day as we approached the area our engine began missing and Jimmie came in for an emergency landing. As we rolled to a stop in front of the huts, a Catholic Sister came out of one with a beaming smile on her sweet, tranquil face.

Hospitably she urged us into the bare but clean interior where we met the other two Sisters who make up this Franciscan Mission. All three questioned us eagerly for news of the outside world.

Presently, we were proudly served tea made from native herbs, a piece of hard cassava bread, and a single boiled egg. They were sorry there was not another one . . . but their single hen had laid only one egg this week . . . and now they had the happiness of giving it to us for lunch!

Jimmie and I looked at each other sheepishly, then I solemnly cut the egg in half while the nuns watched us with happy smiles.

We talked on for a while and sipped our bitter tea, then Jimmie went to fix the engine. Within a few moments I heard the steady roar of the motor and rose to go. The Sisters bade me good-bye and gave me their blessings.

Outside, I noticed several small Indian boys clambering from the plane carrying the bags and boxes that contained our emergency supplies of canned food, sugar, and rice. Jimmie followed and motioned them toward the Sisters.

When the nuns saw what the

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Linings

boys were carrying, they rushed over to the plane giving thanks to God. Then they explained what we had already suspected: our lunch had been the last food in the house.

"But we were not worried," one of them smiled, "because God always answers our prayers!"

In the air again, I asked Jimmie what had been wrong with the engine. He gave me an odd look and hesitated a long moment before answering. Then:

"That," he said slowly, "is what I don't understand. There wasn't anything wrong. When I pressed the starter . . . well . . . the motor just ran perfectly." —Marie Angel

FOR MANY MONTHS a handsome young ex-GI had stared into space from behind a barred window in the neuropsychopathic ward of a veterans' hospital. Efforts of physicians and nurses to break through the barrier he had built up inside his mind had failed.

Finally a hospital official learned that the vet had played the trumpet in a dance orchestra. Whether he was a good musician, the official didn't bother to find out. He had a lead, and an idea.

He bought a secondhand trumpet, took it to the despondent ex-GI, and put it on his bed. But he ignored both the gift and the giver.

Still hopeful, the official enlisted the aid of the trumpet player from the hospital band. The two of them stood outside the building and for several days the sweet tones of a trumpet floated up to the second-story window. But there was no response from the man inside.

"Play *Stardust*," the service official suggested suddenly, "and put in a sour note!"

The trumpeter played, and they waited. Then from the room above came the clear true notes of *Stardust* played by a master trumpeter.

That one sour note had penetrated his mental wall and performed a miracle.

Today, the veteran is music instructor in a small-town high school, with years full of hope and opportunity ahead. —Ralph Mahoney

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Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifted your spirits, renewed your faith in mankind, proved to you that people are still essentially kind and decent and generous? Why not send it along for "Silver Linings"? For each accepted story, we will pay $50, upon publication. All contributions must be typewritten, and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address stories to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

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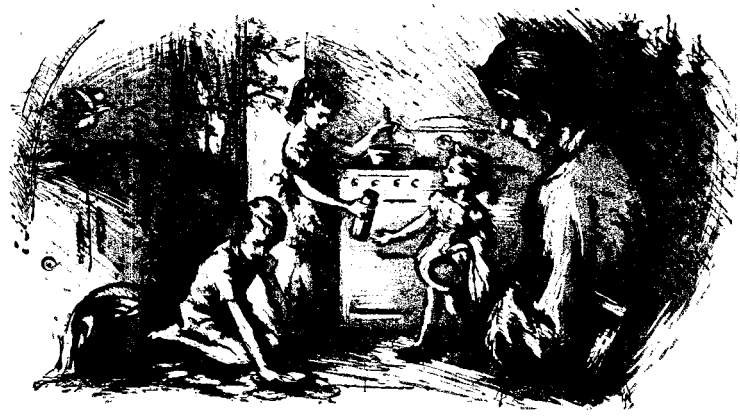

How Your Family Can Help at Home

by CHARLES CURTIS

Try this tested formula for making the children willing members of your team

A MODERN FAMILY is a precarious growth, something like an atomic pile. It is packed into a compartment called a residence or an apartment which is rarely large enough. Within, family members compete with each other for the funny-paper and the bathroom. Without, they compete for wages, prestige, or a seat on the school bus.

Inside and outside, an astounding amount of work must be done, all of it inescapable: such things as dirty dishes, soiled clothes, unmade beds, muddy shoes, dusty rugs, unemptied ash trays, ripped blouses, stockings with holes . . . endlessly, endlessly . . . and all of it complicated by children who chatter on the phone by the hour, listen to blaring radios, study to the beat of jazz records, and rush off to parties with a high fever . . .

So full of tensions and tugs is the average American family today that it can explode at the drop of a comic magazine. That it rarely does is almost always due to the fortitude of Mother. So the family sticks together somehow—but Mother explodes.

Recently we accompanied a young couple to a parent-teachers meeting to hear a lecture on how to raise children. It was a splendid talk, jammed with useful information on how to feed, clothe, and care for a child.

During the question period, the young wife next to me asked, "How can I get my six-year-old girl to hang up her paja nas?" Another query: "How can I get my children to make their beds?"

While the "expert" on the podium spoke of patience and child psychology and the juvenile threshold of responsibility, I recalled our own bouts years ago with these same puzzlers. Yet here was a

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female expert who, a decade later, still had no specific answer.

Next day, I went to the library and looked for books that might give a harassed matron a hint of procedure. There were none. I sought out magazine articles. There were none. I called a university's child-psychology department. They knew of no answer. So I looked into my past and made a small speech to myself.

"Your family may not be the best in the world," I said, "but you made a stab at the problem. Maybe if you would write down what you and Mrs. Curtis did, it would make it easier for the next fellow."

So here we go. Your first question is: when should I start trying to train my family to help around the house?

We started the night I came home and found my wife and two daughters in tears, and the ham smoking on the stove. "What's wrong here?" I demanded.

Mrs. Curtis choked back her weariness. "Getting the girls to help with dinner is like pulling teeth," she said. "After cleaning all day long and then trying to get a good dinner, I just can't take it!"

Any husband knows how to settle this situation. He says, "Girls, you obey your mother or I'll see that you do. Understand?"

Problem solved!

But it isn't, no matter how firmly you give orders, no matter how explicitly they are obeyed. The problem is not solved because you are doing in your home just what the Nazis did and what the Russians are doing—and the children know it. You are using slave labor.

Sometimes my youngsters obeyed and the work was done, but just as often they dodged the issue and I had to punish them. So the family split into two hostile camps, each determined to outsmart the other. My side was bigger and stronger, so we won most of the victories—which saved Mrs. Curtis' back but put a certain something in the eyes of two gentle misses which made me think of Simon Legree.

AT THE END OF a fortnight, I called a special meeting of the Curtis Ways and Means Committee. "We're supposed to be fairly bright," I said to my wife. "What's wrong with us that we're fighting the kids all the time?"

"If they would only pick up after themselves," she said.

"We should make them *want* to pick up after themselves," I said.

"Do you like to work?" she asked suddenly.

"I'd rather go fishing."

"Then why *do* you work?"

"I get paid for it," I said.

"I think it might work on the kids," she suggested.

"We shall use beans for money," I decided. "How many garments does each child wear?"

The girls wore a maximum of eight items of clothing each day (it was summer), allowing for stockings and hair ribbons. The boy wore the same—without ribbons. Eight pieces of clothing to be placed on hooks or in the clothes hamper each night. Eight pieces represented in the bowl on each child's table or dresser by eight beans, one bean per garment. Eight beans for seven days of each week or a total of 56 beans, these to be good for the purchase of candy bars, peanuts,

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and chewing gum at the rate of two beans for one penny. And one bean to be subtracted from the owner's bowl whenever a garment was found out of place.

The children accepted the game gaily. Mrs. Curtis and I made daily inspection and announced the score after dinner. On Sunday afternoon, at the end of our first week of playing bean-bank, we brought out our stock of confectionery. The children were invited to view the mouth-watering display. Then we let them use their remaining beans for money.

As I recall, we never had much trouble with clothes after that. But even more important, Mrs. Curtis and I *had learned the principle of reward and punishment*—and had substituted for blind obedience a "reason why" that was reasonable in the children's eyes.

However, we soon discovered that shoes are different from other items of apparel. Mary started in one morning by leaving her bedroom slippers in the bathroom. At noon, she kicked off her school shoes, changing to sneakers. After school, she kicked off the sneakers and changed to ballet slippers. Then, after the dancing lesson, she changed to a pair of oxfords.

When she came to dinner, she was barefoot, but that night she donned high heels and went to a school play, leaving ten separate items of footwear along her trail. So I devised a dramatic game.

I wrote a brief note, tucked it into a shoe, and placed it under her pillow where she was certain to find it. The note said: "If you want to find my mate, look in the bottom drawer of the music cabinet." I left another shoe and another note in the bottom drawer, of course. And so on. We made a treasure hunt out of five pairs of shoes, so that after looking in ten places she would have all her shoes back together again. Next morning, I found the idea had worked. In Mary's closet was a tidy, prim line of feminine footgear. And in the years to come, Mary no longer blazed a moccasin trail through our apartment.

Thus each child, persuaded and cajoled and sometimes threatened, learned to do things for himself. Each room became as neat as a spinster's boudoir. Each personality strengthened and matured. But how little we suspected that we were heading toward disaster. Mrs. Curtis' doctor aroused us. She had gone to him for a checkup. "You're still carrying too much of the load," he warned.

"The children are helping a lot now," she replied.

"Who washes the dishes each night?" he asked.

"I do."

"Who cleans house?"

"They're always so busy . . . music and dancing lessons."

Thank heavens for that wise old doctor. He faced Mrs. Curtis down and delivered a lecture. "When you let your child practice the piano instead of helping in the kitchen, you're hurting, not helping. You're teaching him to avoid work and making him selfish."

WHEN WE THOUGHT about it, we realized we had failed to enlist our children in any of our real *family* problems. We had taught them individual effort, not *joint*

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effort. So we went into a room, locked the door, and pondered.

Where should we start? Obviously, not with our desires but with those of the child. What does *he* want? Think hard now!

He wants to do things on his own and also with other people. He wants work for his hands. He wants ideas for his mind. Most of all, he wants to make his *own* program. . . . Finally, we took our cue from radio. Charlie was a Tom Mix fan and we listened with him one night. He revealed that he was a Tom Mix Ranger, wearing a button on his undershirt. Mary came into the listeners' circle and professed to be a Moon Girl.

Next day was Friday before the Saturday we had selected for our first picnic in the forest reserve outside town. The children were agog with anticipation. At dinner, Charlie begged, "Let's leave early, Mom." The girls eagerly echoed his demand.

"If we do, there's a lot of extra work to be done tonight," Mrs. Curtis replied. "Want to help?"

I said, "I wonder how the Tom Mix Rangers or the Moon Girls plan a picnic."

Charlie had an answer: "We'd have a conference."

"All right," said Mrs. Curtis. "Why don't we form our own club and have a meeting right now?"

And that was the sly beginning of the Curtis Forest and Home Patrol. We promptly elected a president (Mrs. Curtis), three vice-presidents (the girls and Charlie), a treasurer (guess who), and a janitor (vacancy).

After dinner, the club went to work on duties assigned by the president. Charlie washed dishes and the girls wiped. Mrs. Curtis prepared lunches for the morrow. My job was to scurry out before the stores closed and purchase some symbol to use as the Club pin.

When I returned, the kitchen was immaculate and three excited children grabbed for the bag I carried. I had found five tin replicas of the lowly terrapin with pins attached. They were straightaway fastened to lapels and blouses.

Friends who saw us during that week end were baffled by our bizarre jewelry, and neither they nor we realized that we were wearing the key to the enigma of raising a helpful family.

MY OWN FIRST realization came the night we took Mrs. Curtis to the hospital. We had been horseback riding when her mount threw her, cracking two small bones in her back. We were a serious group that evening as we faced a long period of living without her.

Abruptly Charlie said, "I'll bet the Patrol can handle this."

"Mary is first vice-president," I said quickly. "Any suggestions, Mary?" She nodded competently. "I think we ought to put down everything Mother used to do and divide up the work."

I could not have been more surprised if my office boy had written a Pulitzer-prize novel. But before my eyes, three self-sufficient youths went about the task of solving our domestic problems as briskly as a firm of business engineers.

It taught me a lesson. It taught me to *give the children a chance to work things out.*

Our hospital visit that evening

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will never be forgotten. Nor its sequel. Next day, each of the children got a letter from Mother, praising the work and expressing her thanks. They were proud as peacocks. We had our final reward one Christmastime when our financial status was too low for gifts. The children called for a family conference. Mary was spokesman. "We don't want to spend money on gifts," she said. "So we've decided on a plan. This year we won't give presents at all."

"But we must give something," Mrs. Curtis objected.

"Then we'll just give promises," Mary declared.

Have you ever given a promise for Christmas? Try it sometime.

We decided that each person would write to Santa, telling of his promise. Nothing elaborate, nothing fanciful, but something which each donor could make come true. So on Christmas morning the family gathered before our modest tree. No piles of treasure lay beneath its branches. Instead, five letters were tucked among the decorations.

Ann plucked forth her letter and read: "I promise to make my bed every single day of the next year."

Then Charlie read: "I promise to wash all the windows the first of every month."

Mary read: "I promise to cook dinner every Sunday so that Mother can rest."

Mrs. Curtis' eyes were misty as she read: "I promise to love each one of you with all my heart . . ." She paused and then announced, with finality, "And I promise I will never spank any of my children again."

"Hooray!" The kids looked expectantly at me.

There comes a time in the life of a parent when he decides that the day is ripe for his offspring to be treated with honor and respect. Was this such a time? I said:

"I promise to match your honesty with my honesty, your loyalty with my loyalty, your fairness with my fairness. But most of all, I promise you that these wonderful Christmas gifts will lead all of you to a fuller understanding of this world and a greater joy of living in it."

And so it has been, ever since.

Picture Sentences

This crisp winter morning, little feelers of smoke are reaching timidly out of every chimney down the road, testing which way the wind blows.
—Mrs. Matt Thue (*Farm Journal*)

The train went through the tunnel painfully—as if it were having to cut its own way.
—Hilda Heym

As we turned into our lane, the gentle snow was slowly placing white nightcaps on each fence post.
—Hazel Carpenter (*Farm Journal*)

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STOCKHOLM TO STROMBOLI

CRITICS HAILED HER as one of the great actresses of this generation. Rarely had a theatrical figure won such adoration. Then, suddenly, it all changed. In one cataclysmic week, a storm of controversy centered upon her Italian retreat. She was condemned as wanton; she was exonerated as intensely human. Only one fact emerged: here was a conflict of deep emotion, a moving human tragedy.

Now, the face of Ingrid Bergman, which once seemed to reflect only her roles, gains a transcendent meaning. Perhaps it is the key to what happened to her on the long road from Stockholm to Stromboli.

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A gawky orphan at 12, her eyes shone with promise. The world would hear of the Swedish girl who "had to act."

Hunger for triumph beyond the screen's normal roles clouded the new star's eyes. She yearned to play Joan of Arc.

Joan, an enigma in her lifetime as is Bergman in hers, haunted the actress, but she showed the world a radiant face.

As vixen, psychiatrist, or nun, America loved her. "Supreme." "Exalted." "Noble," they called her. Joan beckoned.

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In *Joan of Lorraine* she sublimated her own self and gave new understanding to the Maid's two-dimensional tragedy.

Few knew where the stage ended and life began. With the movie version, the mark of greatness was on Ingrid Bergman.

"Beatific," "Tragically sublime," they said, not noticing the strange restlessness goading her. She went to Italy.

There, a great public idyll ended, but defeat was not written on the classic features. "I am young. I can work."

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Sensitive fingers guide blind runners.

The finish line: a cascade of ribbon.

SPORTS IN DARKNESS

BECAUSE a professional wrestler sensed their need for a balanced life, the blind students of the Arizona State School for the Deaf and Blind at Tucson now boast an athletic program. Coach Charles Thornton not only initiated the project; he designed most of the equipment and raised funds to build it.

For years, the school wondered how to exercise its totally blind. Braille and music occupied time, but offered no outlet for pent-up energies. In Thornton, the school found its answer; the blind students found much more.

They found a friend whose patience and understanding put a bright confidence in their uncertain steps, and who, knowing the stability in sportsmanship, brought the new light of self-reliance and independence into their dark worlds.

Coach Thornton trains each wrestler.

Acrobatics teach sure-footedness.

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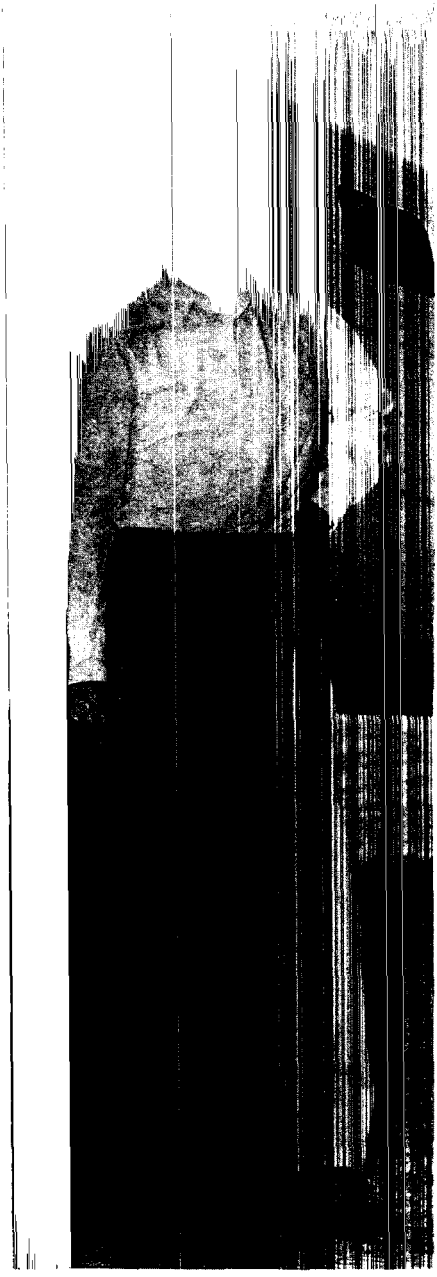
Marriageable Males



Howard Hughes, 45, plane designer and moviemaker, has been married once and has an estimated $125,000,000 fortune.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN once compared the lone male to "the odd half of a pair of scissors." Throughout the ages, nations have ridiculed him, punished him, and taxed him. Statisticians have worked overtime preparing tables on the prevalence of bachelors in jails, mental institutions, in suicide and mortality tables, in old-age homes and poorhouses. Still, men like Beau Brummel, Herbert Spencer, Voltaire, and America's President James Buchanan persisted in their bachelorhood, successfully resisting the blandishments of married friends who were anxious to see them altar-bound.

In the U. S. today, there are about 13,000,000 single men over 18. Of all the live-alone-and-like-it school, the nine men pictured here are front-runners for that hard-to-maintain title, America's Most Eligible Bachelor. They have reached the top in their respective fields—industry, government, sports, and acting. Good looks, wealth, and the envy of other women is the reward of the female campaigner who can win out over habit and the bachelor's state of mind.

None of these nine men is a confirmed bachelor. All have expressed a genuine interest in finding a suitable mate. So far, they have survived several leap years—but will they walk to the altar in 1951?

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These days, girls must write Edgar Luckenbach, Jr., % U.S. Navy. A big-game hunter, steamship owner, and former producer, Luckenbach claims he's "too busy" for marriage. He has about $20,000,000—and gave up a New York penthouse when he entered the Navy.

F.B.I. Director John Edgar Hoover, 55, enjoys tennis, baseball, antiques, and female company. However, he wants a woman who is understanding, feminine, practical, and "old-fashioned." His wife-to-be would gain a top position in Washington social circles, and a busy life.

Good-looking Ralph Kiner, 27, makes $40,000 a year as a home-run hitter for the Pittsburgh Pirates. He lives with his mother in Alhambra, California, and is sometimes seen with movie starlets. To keep in trim, Kiner goes rumba dancing, and takes his dates home early.

Robert Merrill, who usually eats four steaks a day, has been too busy with his singing career to find a wife. At 31, he is still single. Today, he commands a six-figure income as Metropolitan Opera and concert-stage star, best-selling recording artist, and television performer.

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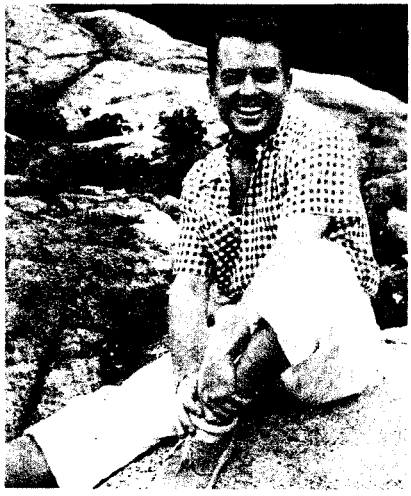

An authority on beautiful women, illustrator Jon Whitcomb, 44, looks like one of his handsome heroes. He keeps busy sketching lovely models (preferably 18-year-olds) in his Manhattan and Darien, Connecticut, studios—and acts as vice-president of a top commercial-art firm.

"I certainly expect to be married some day," says Montgomery Clift, 30, the bobby-soxer's newest delight. "But when I make the first leap, I want it to be my last. Until then, I'll be a bachelor—an eligible one." For a newcomer, his salary is fabulous—and still climbing.

Another film idol on the bachelors' list is handsome Peter Lawford, 27. He is the American girl's ideal of the typical well-mannered and cultured Englishman. Lawford has traveled widely, has a quick, dry wit, is an excellent dancer, and also likes tennis and swimming.

Princeton-man Peter Salm, 26, son of a Standard Oil heiress and an Austrian nobleman, has a fortune in his own right. A six-footer, he is known as a generous spender and a fine sportsman. Salm spent three years in the Counterintelligence Corps during World War II.

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Hounds of Mercy

AT THE HOSPICE of St. Bernard, nestled in the snows more than 8,000 feet above the valleys of the Swiss Alps, the priests still tell the story of their patron saint, Archdeacon Bernard de Menthon.

Ten centuries ago, when a few mountain passes were the only exits from Switzerland to Italy, weary, Rome-bound pilgrims often fell prey to highwaymen, cold, and hunger. To help them, Bernard built a hospice at the summit of Jupiter Mountain. There they could find food and rest, and that rejuvenation of spirit which would speed them on their pilgrimage refreshed.

As word of the mountain sanctuary spread across Europe, more and more travelers sought its shelter. It was then that the great-hearted and sad-eyed dogs for which the hospice is still renowned made their appearance. In sub-zero weather and across deep snow slides, they roamed over crags and into valleys, seeking lost and numbed wayfarers. Through the years, countless lives were saved by the courage, resourcefulness, and gentleness of the dog that came to be known as the St. Bernard.

Modern inventions have lessened the rescue work of these hounds of heaven, but they still patrol the Alps, ready to answer a call.

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Father Bernard Rausis welcomes nine newcomers to the hospice's kennels. Scarcely a week old, these St. Bernards will soon be training in the honored tradition of their stouthearted ancestors.

Contrary to popular belief, the dogs do not carry kegs of rum. Their job is to locate wayfarers who are lost in the snow, then to return for the priests, who bring food and comfort to the victims.

Said to be the offspring of a Danish bulldog and a mastiff, the St. Bernards are impervious to Alpine cold and have extra-large cushioned paws which enable them to walk across deep snows.

Since the construction of the hospice in 962, its gray walls have been a welcome and cheering sight to travelers. Today, its simple way of life scarcely changed, the massive doors are ever open.

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LEIBOWITZ OF THE LAW

TWENTY WITNESSES SWORE that John Barry Coughlin, a trusted loan investigator, had swindled them. While he was awaiting sentence, Mrs. Coughlin appealed to Samuel S. Leibowitz.

Hundreds of others, guilty and innocent, had made the same plea to the famed defense attorney from New York's Lower East Side. By eloquence, unsurpassed knowledge of the law, and an uncanny knack of exploiting an opponent's weakness, he had become a legal legend.

Leibowitz won Coughlin a new trial and, armed with a newspaper photo, confronted the first witness.

"Do you know this man?"

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"Yes," the witness stated positively. "It's him—the defendant."

But the caption identified the subject as a man who had never even been in the U. S. The witness had been mistaken, Leibowitz told the jury dramatically, and if he had been mistaken once . . .

Using handwriting analyses, he went on to prove conclusively that Coughlin, a victim of mistaken identification, was an innocent man. Verdict: not guilty.

To the man who lost only one of more than 100 capital cases to the electric chair, each trial was a direct challenge. Elected a trial judge in 1940, Leibowitz has never forgotten his years as an advocate.

Harry Hoffman, a motion-picture projectionist, had already served five years of a long sentence for murder when Leibowitz took his case and secured a new trial. As a climax to his appeal, he casually volunteered the information that Hoffman was left-handed and that his gun had a right-handed safety catch. He had never even fired it!

Verdict: not guilty.

Did this master of legal legerdemain receive a fabulous fee from the man he had freed from prison? In his Brooklyn chambers, Judge Leibowitz smiles a trifle sadly, hunts in his desk drawer, and pulls out a tattered penny postcard. "This," he says, "was my retainer."

The card reads: "Dear Mr. Leibowitz, I am writing this as a last desperate appeal. I am accused of murder but I am innocent. I have fought for five years to win freedom. My friends raised a fund for my defense but that is gone. Will you help me? Harry L. Hoffman."

"The law holds that a man is innocent until he is proven guilty," Leibowitz says. "Any accused man has as much right to my counsel as did Harry Hoffman."

Musing about his past, Leibowitz reminisces. "I used to be like a baseball player, always in the thick of the fight. Now," he smiles, "I'm an umpire."

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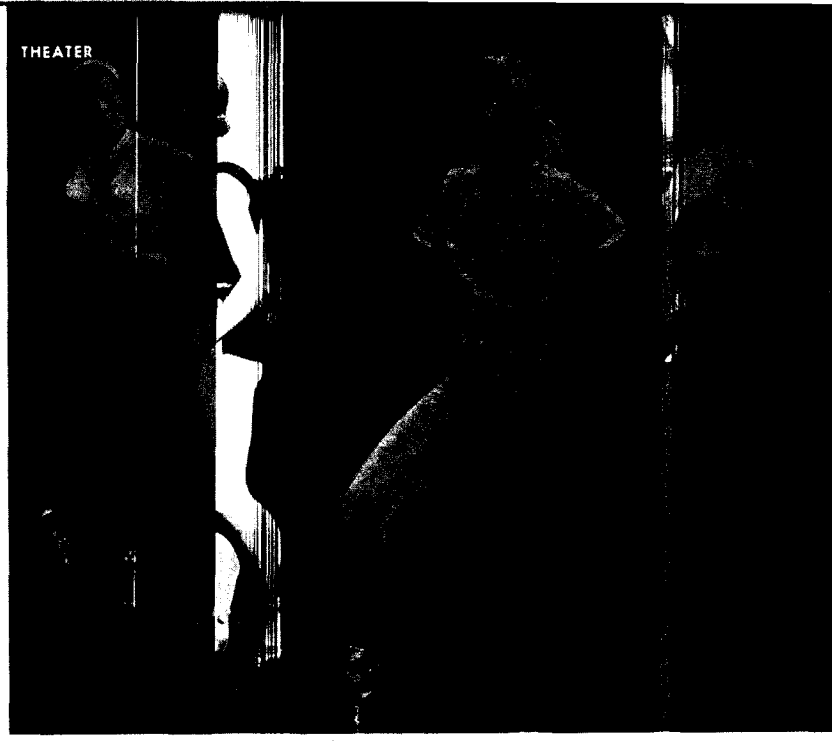

Ballerinas Backstage

BALLET used to attract only a few superaesthetes, but when the Sadler's Wells Company from Britain came to New York, thousands packed the Metropolitan Opera House. In Philadelphia, 5,000 were turned away. In Oklahoma City, the house was sold out months before the troupe arrived.

The nation-wide enthusiasm could hardly be called surprising. American audiences were being given an opportunity to see one of the greatest shows ever put on any stage. Nor did all of Sadler's Wells' pageantry and sheer color overshadow the exquisite beauty of the dancing. A flawless *corps de ballet* combined machine precision with the grace of darting swallows.

The secret of the company's success lies backstage. There, every member of the cast, from the prima ballerina down, practices six to eight hours a day. The dancers have known each other from the time they entered the Sadler's Wells school as children. The stars once were all members of the chorus.

The petty jealousies of most ballet companies are unknown to these friendly Britons. When one of the stars is dancing alone on the stage, the others line up in the wings to watch, admire, and perhaps gain a few pointers.

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Beryl Gray relaxes after her performance in "Ballet Imperial," which was designed by an American choreographer. Miss Gray's interests are her husband, the dance, and her pet cat named Binky.

The soft, restrained movements, the whirling of 20 figures, the music of Chopin, all hold a breathless audience. "Les Sylphides," one of the greatest of classical favorites, is being performed.

Lovely, pixie-like Moira Shearer dances in "Façade," a ballet that bubbles with lighthearted wit. Red-headed Miss Shearer's partner is Frederick Ashton, who also composed the choreography.

Margot Fonteyn, prima ballerina, has a cup of tea after a performance of "Giselle." Acclaimed as one of the great performers of all time, she once took dancing lessons in Louisville, Ky.

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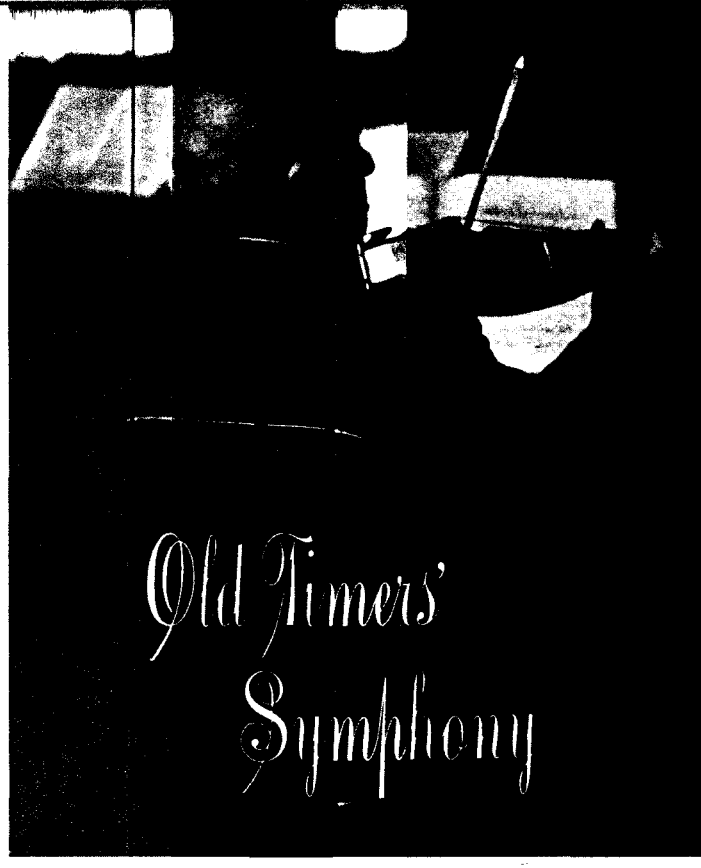

Old Timers' Symphony

THE FINGERS that gripped the violin bows were old and gnarled, but the music that floated through the Brooklyn park that night spoke of eternal youth and beauty. When the concert ended, the audience applauded wildly—and the musicians wept. The Old-Timers' Symphony Orchestra had proved to everyone's satisfaction that old men could still play good music.

It had been a year since 69-year-old Abram Goutkin and others thought of the idea. The players were easy to find: former symphony soloists whose hair had long since turned white still wanted to play. Dr. Frieder Weissman was invited to conduct the musicians. Since that memorable first night, the Old-Timers have played in other parks, at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, and for the "Voice of America" in a vivid documentary on our national programs for the aged.

Although each player gets $30 a concert, Weissman's goal for the Old-Timers is a full-fledged symphony. He gets only $50 for conducting, but says: "I have learned patience and love from these men."

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There are 76 venerable musicians in the unique Old-Timers' Symphony Orchestra. Their average age is close to 65 years.

Among members of the orchestra are former soloists with the New York, Boston, London, and Paris Symphonies.

Because of a vast musical background, one early difficulty was that each man thought of himself as an expert player.

Sichard Culp *(above)*, who rehearses with a cigar in his mouth, is one of the orchestra's oldest members. He is 75.

The group's funds and backing come from the American Federation of Musicians.

Dr. Weissman *(above)* is the leader of the Scranton, Pa., Philharmonic.

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Beauty at Home

Bed-making can shrink your waistline.

Thrust the vacuum cleaner forward.

While bending, imitate a windmill.

PAULETTE HENDRIX is a model and television actress. Between the two jobs, preparing her own meals, and housecleaning, her busy schedule did not seem to leave much time for the exercise essential to an acting and modeling career. But because her figure is her livelihood, Paulette *made* the time. Almost unconsciously at first, she began taking advantage of her ordinary household chores. When she had to reach up to dust a high shelf, she arched her back and stretched. Picking magazines from the floor, she did deep knee bends. Before long, she was getting all the exercise she needed while doing her housework at the same time. In these pictures, Paulette demonstrates some of the time-saving steps which have helped her —and can help any housewife— to beauty through housework.

Legs benefit from tiptoe stretching.

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SPORTS EXTRA

A VISITING DUFFER playing a Florida course for the first time, teed up, took his stance, swung mightily—and missed the ball completely.

In a moment, however, he had recovered from his surprise. "By Jove," he exclaimed, "I'm glad I found that out early in the game. This doggoned course is at least two inches lower than the ones I've been playing on up North." —*Bell Telephone News*

A GO-GETTING press agent succeeded in having printed in a radio column this ecstatic item: "When not facing the microphone or TV cameras, X—, the songstress, can always be found on a pair of skis." Which prompted one of the college comics to retort: "She must have a h--- of a time taking a bath."

—NEAL O'HARA (*McNaught Syndicate*)

THE BOXERS chasing each other around the ring kept treading on the toes of the small referee. At last he lost patience and called them to the center. "If you two don't stop treading on my feet," he shouted, "there's going to be a fight." —*Tit-Bits*

THE BASKETBALL GAME was going badly, and Father knew why. "Look at that forward," he remarked to Mother. "Why do they let such a stupid lummox play?"

Little Howard regarded his father with anxious eyes. "Daddy," he reasoned, "maybe it's *his* basketball." —JEROME SAXON

MY 13-YEAR-OLD SON had just completed a swimming course at the local pool. A pal asked him, "What's the best way to teach a girl to swim?"

"First, you put your arm around her waist, then you take her left hand . . . " he began to explain seriously.

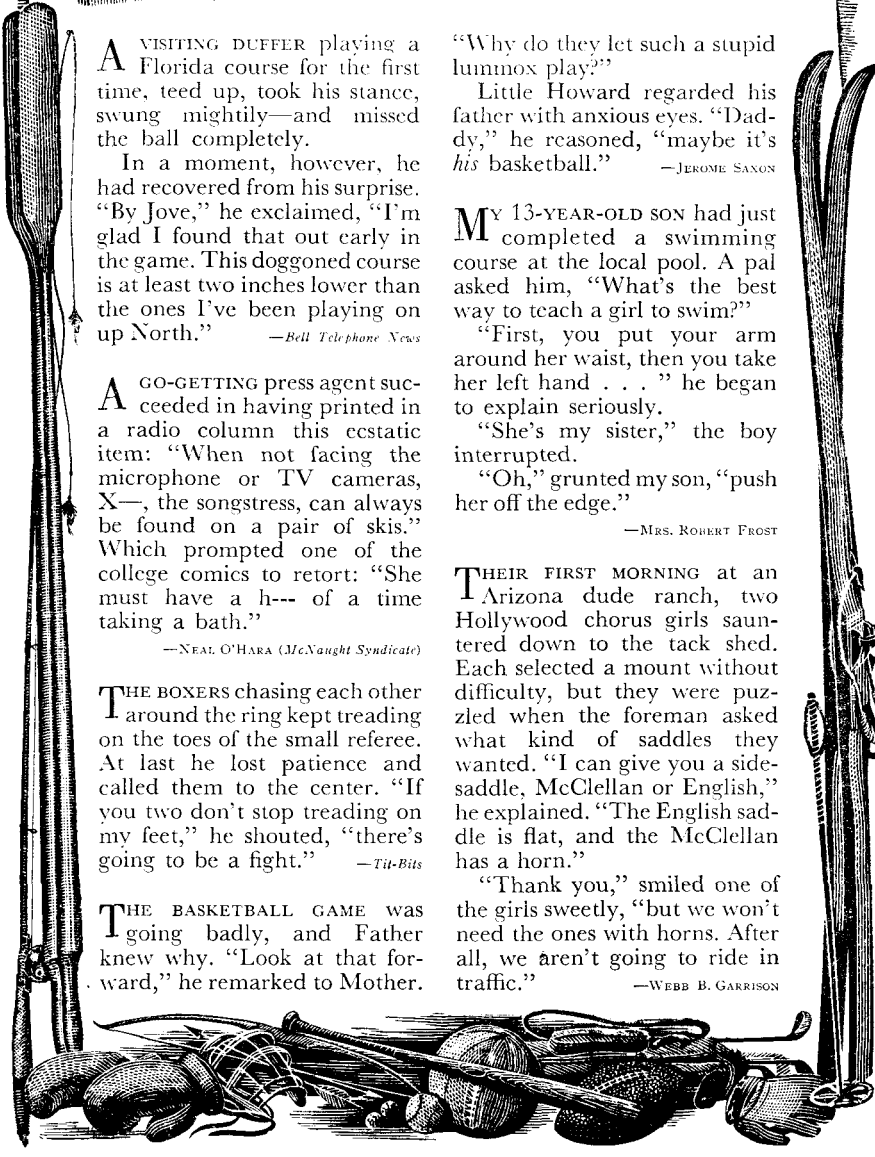
"She's my sister," the boy interrupted.

"Oh," grunted my son, "push her off the edge."

—MRS. ROBERT FROST

THEIR FIRST MORNING at an Arizona dude ranch, two Hollywood chorus girls sauntered down to the tack shed. Each selected a mount without difficulty, but they were puzzled when the foreman asked what kind of saddles they wanted. "I can give you a side-saddle, McClellan or English," he explained. "The English saddle is flat, and the McClellan has a horn."

"Thank you," smiled one of the girls sweetly, "but we won't need the ones with horns. After all, we aren't going to ride in traffic." —WEBB B. GARRISON



ILLUSTRATED BY DICK OTT

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FINLAND'S "SAUNA": *Key to Health*

by LILI FOLDES

To the rugged Finns, a steaming Saturday-night ritual is a national institution

THE FINNS ARE Europe's most rugged individualists. Every one of Finland's 4,000,000 inhabitants clings to his special beliefs and way of life. But there are two fronts on which you will find them united: their struggle to preserve their country's independence—and their faith in the miraculous effects of the Finnish steam bath, the *sauna*.

Directly or indirectly, most Finns give credit to the beneficial baths for almost everything they have achieved. They assert that Finland would never have won 229 Olympic medals (a number unequaled by any country of Finland's population) without the athletes' extensive use of *saunas*, and they will also point out that the greatest symphonies of Sibelius, the Finnish composer-genius, were conceived after the grand old man had received inspiration amidst the clouds of steaming vapor in his bathhouse.

From cradle to grave, the Saturday-night ritual plays an all-important role in the life of every Finn. In the old days, rural Finnish women even gave birth to their babies in smoke-stained, overheated steam rooms—the only place where the Finns feel free of bacilli.

To the uninitiated, those gray, brown, or red cabins (of which there are an estimated 550,000 in the Finnish countryside) may look like old-fashioned bathhouses, but in the eyes of the Finns, they are sacred places, where one can purify his soul as well as his body.

The Finnish young man, about to propose to his future bride, is likely to retire into the solitude of his *sauna* before taking this all-important step. The businessman may do the same, prior to closing a new business deal. The young woman, after having had her first row with her husband, is likely to take an unscheduled *sauna*, too. In fact, the steam bath can substitute for a beauty parlor, cocktail party, or consultation with a legal adviser.

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The Finns' love for the bathhouse is no passing fad. An Arabian traveler, visiting that Northern part of the world as far back as 912, told in his diary of huts in which he saw people heat stones over which they poured water to create steam, which in turn induced them to perspire. Today, using cabins instead of huts, Finns do the same thing, with almost the same equipment they utilized in ancient times.

I DELVED INTO my first *sauna* at one of Helsinki's large public bathhouses. The jolly, roundish woman in white uniform, who greeted me in my dressing room, looked like just the right guardian angel for this great adventure. Indicating in vivid sign language that the moment had come, Lena led me into a mysterious world of darkness and steam, where the heat was so great that I lost my breath the moment the door closed.

While I stood dazedly in the darkness, the woman began splashing cold water on the hot stones atop the stove. Suddenly the water turned into steam with a fearful roar, and my desire to leave the place grew with every futile attempt to take a breath.

The heat intensified alarmingly (I learned later it was 190 F.) and threatened to paralyze me completely. But my guardian angel was not bothered in the least. Ignoring my obvious reluctance, she practically carried me to the platform built halfway between floor and ceiling—a wooden structure so hot that I was sure it would burn holes in my body.

I was about to let out a lusty cry of protest when Lena lifted my feet into the air, then deposited them in some heavenly stuff that revived me instantly. It was a pail of ice-cold water, from which she charitably sprinkled my entire body.

Foolishly I thought this marked the end of my *sauna*, but now Lena carried me back to the platform and began to whip me with some soft, wet object produced from a corner. Although the whipping caused no pain, I was outraged. How could I have guessed that poor Lena was merely trying to promote my circulation with moistened birch twigs, and that this ritual was an essential part of the bath, designed "to chase all aches, pains, and evil" from the body?

A few minutes later, Lena followed me into the adjoining shower room. Here it was cool and light, and at last I could relax—even breathe. Obediently, I followed her orders to lie on a stretcher while she started to scrub me. The brush an American housewife uses for the kitchen floor would have seemed like velvet compared to the object that the good woman used.

When the scrubbing is done, all a person has to do is to close his pores by what the Finns call "refrigerating" the body. Sissies, such as I was at that point, do the refrigerating by taking a cold shower. The real *sauna* enthusiasts, into whose proud ranks I later graduated, roll in the snow or cut ice in the lake (all Finnish lakes are frozen between December and April) so they can take a plunge.

Never again, I vowed as I emerged with trembling knees from the hot room after my first *sauna*. But while Lena was working with her brush, I had a sudden feeling of

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profound well-being. When I awakened from my nap—a part of the ritual—I felt as refreshed as though the gods had rubbed me with a magic elixir. It made me feel strong, yet weightless and clean—clean beyond description.

THE BASIC *sauna* equipment—a stove with stones on top, a wooden platform between ceiling and floor, and pails of water—is the same in the country home of Finland's president as in poor farmhouses near the Arctic Circle. And yet, there are many details to be considered in the building of a steam bath. For example, the proper height of the ceiling is as vital as finding the right kinds of fist-sized stones for heating.

Lately, the Finns have had the satisfaction of seeing their beloved ritual gain popularity abroad. Thousands of people in Switzerland and other European countries have started building baths since the end of World War II, and news from America has been even better.

In Minnesota, the Finns have always had *saunas*. But recently, the fad has spread to the two coasts as well. A manufacturer in Connecticut found it worth while to go into the *sauna*-building business last year. In Hollywood, such film stars as Bing Crosby, Walter Pidgeon, Humphrey Bogart, and Peter Lorre have become steam-bath enthusiasts in the last few years.

For the time being, however, Helsinki remains the *sauna* capital of the world. There is even a steam bath inside the majestic Parliament building, which members frequently visit between sessions.

"Problems that seemed insoluble," a member of Parliament told me, "solve themselves after we have all had a *sauna*. I wish they would introduce steam baths at United Nations meetings and other international conferences.

"The people of the world would understand and respect each other better if they once sat together in the solemn but relaxing atmosphere of our native bathhouse."

Eh?

INVITATION TO a wonderful-sounding party, from a Cleveland husband, begins: "May and I have agreed that I should arrange a surprise party for her shortly after she gets back from Europe."

—ELEANOR CLARAGE

ITEM IN A West Virginia paper: "The bride will remain in place until July 2 under police protection and may be used until that date during daylight hours for visits to the park." —NEAL O'HARA (*McNaught Syndicate*)

THE WARDEN at one of the big penitentiaries is conducting a discreet but thorough investigation of his office. While looking for some papers recently, he found one of the files had a cake in it. —*Phoenix Flame*

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Destiny on Wings

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When

Proved Her Loyalty

by TONY SMITH

How a strange chain of events involved a top scientist's wife in a game of espionage

IN 1937, AN AMERICAN girl, Katherine Puening, traveled to Europe to join her husband. But she never saw him. Instead of the long-awaited reunion with the man who left her to fight in another nation's war, she met an officer of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, who informed her that her husband had been killed in the Spanish Civil War, fighting for the Loyalist cause.

The tragic interlude set in motion a chain of Moscow-inspired intrigues which years later were to become a vital factor in the efforts of Soviet spies to steal America's atomic secrets.

At the time, however, only the small, dark-haired girl from across the ocean felt the devastating blow. The shock left her dazed and helpless, draining away all the resourcefulness which had started her on the road to distinction as a biologist. She was alone in a strange land, with little money and no friends.

There was no one to turn to but the hard-bitten Loyalist commander who had kept a fateful appointment by proxy for a dead soldier. This bullet-headed Lieutenant Colonel was no ordinary soldier of fortune. Nor was he one of the emotional, hotheaded American idealists who had rushed across the Atlantic to bear arms with the communists in Spain's bloody Civil War.

The officer was a top-level communist functionary of long standing. He claimed allegiance to the U.S., but worked full-time to bring about the revolution-by-force decreed by Moscow. He had been born in Yugoslavia. He came to America at 16 on a forged passport. The U.S. Government ultimately forgave the crime and allowed him to become a naturalized citizen.

By training and choice, the Colonel was a kingpin in the communist underground apparatus before he went to Spain as military commissar in the International Brigade. He had spent months in Moscow's Lenin Institute, where he was noted among other students for his familiarity with the Soviet secret police.

When Katherine Puening met him, the Colonel already was an expert in espionage, sabotage, and

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civil disturbance. He was skilled in the arts of street fighting, train wrecking, and arson, according to the testimony of one of his Moscow classmates. By every measurement, he was the last type that a quiet, reserved biologist—even one whose past might reflect a pinkish political tinge—would be likely to seek out from choice.

But if Katherine knew or suspected the Colonel's background (which is unlikely), she was in no position to refuse his help. And the Colonel performed the responsibilities of an officer to the widow of one of his men in exemplary fashion, lending valuable assistance wherever possible. Most important, he helped the distraught girl to return to the U. S.

It perhaps was one of the few times in Katherine's life when she needed such befriending. In ordinary circumstances, she was far above average in intelligence and self-sufficiency. But the circumstances in Spain in 1937 were not ordinary by any standard.

DURING THE long voyage home, Katherine must have reflected on her shattered dreams. But at least she had departed Spain with one glowing memory—the warm-hearted gratitude she felt for her husband's commanding officer, who had befriended her unselfishly.

Of course, the idealistic young biologist had no way of knowing the Colonel had reported every detail of his actions to his superiors and that his report shortly would find its way into the Russian secret-police files in Moscow. Such information was retained for future use by the Kremlin masterminds who had begun to concentrate more and more on the scientific phases of world politics. There would come a time when all this would be terrifyingly clear to Katherine Puening.

Back in the U.S., the young widow buried herself in science. Gradually, the routine of work numbed the pain of her experience; if she ever allowed herself to dwell on the tragic event, her feelings towards the Colonel undoubtedly were of the friendliest nature.

A few years later, Katherine worked as a biologist at one of California's universities. There she came in contact with some of the world's greatest scientific figures. Among them was an intense, brilliant young man whose work in the little-known fields of theoretical physics was causing a stir in scientific circles. His name was Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, and he was virtually unknown to the non-scientific world.

In 1940, Katherine Puening married the young physicist who was to become the mastermind of the hush-hush Manhattan Project. At the time, neither Dr. Oppenheimer nor Kitty could have realized that, five years later, the entire world would acclaim the genius of the physicist and dub him "Mr. Atom Bomb." More than any other person, Dr. Oppenheimer was responsible for making possible the A-bomb explosions at Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

All the world now knows about it. But the world never has known the sizable contribution made by "Mr. A-Bomb's" wife. It had to do with conscience and human relations in the most delicate sense.

To give the role of "Mrs. A-

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Bomb" its proper weight, the narration must begin with Roosevelt's decision to gamble two billion dollars on the possibility that the super-weapon could be made. World-famous scientists like Enrico Fermi and Albert Einstein had Dr. Oppenheimer in mind when they expressed the belief that the U.S. could beat Germany in the race for the A-bomb.

When it became time for the Manhattan Project to build the huge installation at Los Alamos, New Mexico, where the first bomb was developed, Oppenheimer was their unanimous choice for the job of directing the work. Consequently, it was with considerable dismay that the Army learned from an exhaustive intelligence investigation that Oppenheimer was a serious "security risk."

The evaluation was based on the young physicist's earlier leanings toward Marxism and his association with known communists. His brother, Frank, had been a member of the Communist Party. And, of course, in 1937, Katherine's first husband had been killed fighting for the Loyalists in an organization which assayed high in American communist circles.

Had it not been for the urgency of the situation and Oppenheimer's singular talent, the world might never have heard of either Mr. or Mrs. A-Bomb. The intelligence report unquestionably would have disqualified Oppenheimer, except for one unavoidable factor—he was the only man in the world with the brains and experience required.

When this became evident, the most security-minded man in the Army, Gen. Leslie R. Groves, called in Oppenheimer for an interview. Groves, military commander of Manhattan Project, was an old hand at such conversations. He was familiar with evasive explanations, but he got no lies or evasions from Oppenheimer.

The physicist readily admitted that, during the Depression, he had become concerned over political affairs. He conceded membership in organizations which subsequently were unmasked as "fronts" for communists. He told Groves that undoubtedly he had attended many meetings where communists were present, and that he had associated with Party members, though he never became a member of the Party himself.

"Today, the political ideas I entertained in the '30s seem silly," he said. "But I don't deny I once had them."

When it was over, Groves decided to take a chance on Robert Oppenheimer. The Manhattan Project accepted the young physicist as a "calculated security risk" on the theory that he was a scientist first and a political thinker second. But this came about only after Groves had personally assumed responsibility for the physicist's loyalty.

A LARGE PART of the preparatory work on the A-bomb was done in Oppenheimer's laboratories at the University of California. Although it was the nation's top secret of World War II, Russian intelligence directors knew that something was in the wind almost as soon as work began. Subsequent investigations have shown that their information in 1942 was limited to the basic fact that highly important

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research was being conducted at Berkeley, involving a "super-weapon" of some sort.

Vague as the information was, the Red underground in the U.S. went to work immediately, utilizing what was then known as the Soviet Comintern Apparatus. The operation was directed by Russian agents operating out of the Soviet Embassy in Washington and consulates on the West Coast. Wherever possible, American communists were used according to their potentialities.

Some became couriers and actual agents in the attempts to relay information to the Russians. Others merely set up such channels of communication by bringing Berkeley scientists into touch with the agents. Social gatherings became important to the contact work, and often these gatherings were arranged with such finesse that not even the hosts and hostesses knew they were being used.

It wasn't long, of course, until Oppenheimer and his Berkeley laboratories became the principal target of the Soviet's spying efforts. A number of the young men working on the project were known to them as past or present communist sympathizers, and a few held Party membership cards.

Then, late in 1942, the Comintern bosses sent to Berkeley, as over-all director of spy operations, a Red agent who was well known to American intelligence authorities. He was so obviously in the communist conspiracy that the F.B.I. checked him almost automatically every time he received a new assignment.

Steve Nelson wasn't the type for the delicate assignment at Berkeley. His speech and mannerisms were the "rough, tough, and nasty" kind usually associated with the early American Bolsheviks who barked their wares on soapboxes in New York's Union Square.

Nelson had been active largely in communist work among foreign-born groups in Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and New York. His most successful talent was in organizing revolutionary cells among Poles, Slovenes, and Czechoslovakians in this country. During the Depression days of the 1930s, he had spent much time in the desolate hard-coal fields of Pennsylvania, trying to make Comrades out of disillusioned miners.

To U.S. intelligence officials, it didn't make sense. The touchy operation at Berkeley was a job for a smooth master spy. But they didn't know of Nelson's potent qualifications for the job. Only Moscow and top Soviet agents in the U.S. knew that Nelson was their "ace in the hole" in a bold gamble for the secrets of America's super-weapon. For Steve Nelson was the officer who had befriended Katherine Puening in Europe. He was her dead husband's commanding officer in Spain. Kitty had been such a grateful person! This job of espionage would be an easy one.

Dr. Oppenheimer himself told the story at a secret session with the House Un-American Activities Committee in June, 1949.

"My wife had been married before . . . to a man who fought in Spain. He was an American. He fought on the Loyalist side.

"My wife planned to meet him in Spain. Instead, she was met by a

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man who told her that her husband had been killed in action. That man was Steve Nelson. He befriended her, took care of her . . .

"When he came to Berkeley, we met the Nelsons and had Mrs. Nelson and child or children up occasionally for Sunday lunches, things like that."

The cold words of testimony, however, cannot possibly do justice to the behavior of Mrs. Oppenheimer in these ticklish circumstances. They couldn't possibly describe the thoughts and emotions that must have assailed her when "The Colonel from Spain" arrived in Berkeley.

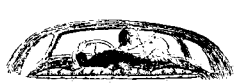
Whether she suspected the exact nature of his assignment is extremely doubtful. But she undoubtedly knew he was a top official of the Communist party or he couldn't have held such exalted rank in the International Brigade. This by itself would make Nelson a dangerous acquaintance in the light of Oppenheimer's work.

But neither Kitty nor her husband wanted to snub the man who had helped her when she needed help most. They showed their gratitude by entertaining the Nelsons on at least two occasions at their home. But they arranged to have other guests present, thus making it impossible for Nelson to use his opportunity as anything but a pleasant social contact.

If the story ended here, the public would have to take the word of "Mr. A-Bomb" that both he and his wife remained completely loyal while associating with the Red leader. But it doesn't. Steve Nelson himself, the communist master spy, wrote the ending in a report to his espionage boss, the mysterious and still-unknown "Al." The message was intercepted by government security agents at a mail drop in New York. The government, of course, was carefully watching Nelson's every move.

In that message, Nelson made a blunt confession to his boss. He suggested that he be recalled to his old assignments where he could serve the communist cause of treason with better success. There was no profit, he said, in his remaining at Berkeley, since neither Dr. Oppenheimer nor his wife was "sympathetic to communism." No secrets could be pried from them.

Mrs. A-Bomb, it was all too plain, had put her loyalty to the United States above all other considerations.



Maxims for Motorists

A man who can drive safely while kissing a pretty girl isn't giving the kiss the attention it deserves. —*Alaska Highway News*

A lot of motorists could afford to be a little more superstitious—believe in signs, you know. —*Wall Street Journal*

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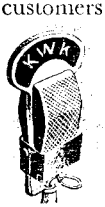
OFF THE RECORDS

In millions of American homes, the local disc jockey has become one of the family. The influence and prestige of these "platter spinners" in their communities has grown along with their tremendous popularity among young and old alike. Recently, CORONET asked several leading disc jockeys to tell about their most amusing or dramatic experiences on the job. Here are their answers.

AL NOBEL, KQV, Pittsburgh—I used to emcee a street-interview program, and I remember one man who showed up every week, rain or shine. He'd plant himself in one spot and stare at me for the next half-hour. It became embarrassing—so I was relieved when he didn't appear one day. I laughed out loud later when this letter arrived from him: "My wife is always telling me, 'Why can't you act like Nobel, Nobel says this, Nobel does that.' It made me mad. But now that I've seen you, I'm not worried any more. My wife shouldn't be unhappy with what she's got, after all!"

DON BELL, KRNT, Des Moines—A dog used to get into the act during our show, and it made for very unusual programming. Our transmitter engineer brought his dog with him for company early every morning, when he put the station on the air. He noticed that whenever I played *Cruising Down the River*, the dog would "sing along." He called me about it, and after that, every time I spun the disc he opened the transmitter mike, the dog howled, and that's the way it went over the air. We cut it out after several shops reported customers asking for the record with the singing dog.



ED WILSON, KWK, St. Louis—I recall one moment so packed with drama that I was left speechless at the mike. I was interviewing Louis Bromfield, Clifton Fadiman, and Col. Carlos Romulo one day during World War II. Romulo's family was interned at the time by the Japanese, but the Colonel didn't dwell on his own troubles. Instead, he told of the great task before us. We were so deeply touched by his courageous speech that no one could speak—until Fadiman finally broke the silence by putting in, "Well, I've seen everything—a disc jockey with nothing to say!"

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Ray Perkins, KFEL, Denver—I'm a student of serious music as well as a platter spinner, and recently I was guest piano soloist with the Denver Symphony. I received a reassuring reception as I left the wings, but the butterflies in my stomach mounted as I sat down at the piano. I lifted my hands, fingers poised and ready—when the stillness was pierced by a young girl's excited voice: "Oh, mama, it's that horsey man we hear on the radio every day." "Not horsey, dear," came mama's stern reply in a stage whisper, "*Jockey, disc jockey!*" That certainly broke the tension.

Bill Griffiths, KOL, Seattle—One day last year, I was waxing eloquent as I "warmed up" our studio audience. "When you get the signal to applaud," I told them, "you can yell, whistle, stamp your feet. But let me hear you really tear down the roof!" A few seconds later the show began—to wild applause. And the loudest noise of all came from a little lady, about 80 years young, hat askew, face flushed, inhibitions completely to the wind. She was sitting in the front row, *two fingers inserted in her mouth*, giving out with the longest, ear-piercingest whistles I've ever heard!

Easy Gwynn, WIBC, Indianapolis—My most unusual broadcast was a street-interview show—*on which I didn't interview anyone!* As soon as we went on the air, the onlookers all kept backing away, beyond reach of my microphone cord. Well, I ad-libbed for the longest 15 minutes of my life, while vainly signaling the folks to step forward. Finally, when we signed off and I turned around, I found the explanation: the manager of the theater in front of which we were broadcasting had been holding up a big sign reading, "*Please do not interrupt or bother announcer during broadcast.*"

Bill Anson, KFWB, Hollywood—The studio phone rang insistently one day in the midst of a "Hollywood Bandstand" show. "This is the Veterans Hospital at Van Nuys," the caller said in a desperate tone. "It is absolutely vital that we locate an extremely rare type of blood for immediate transfusion. A man's life is at stake. Can you help?" I asked for details quickly, then interrupted the record that was playing to make a plea to our listeners. The result? Less than 15 minutes later, hospital doctors reported that offers were literally pouring in! *P. S.* The patient recovered

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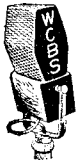
Fred B. Cole, WHDH, Boston—During an interview, I asked our Fire Commissioner, "How long would it take the Department to answer an alarm and evacuate a building?" "Let's find out," he answered, reaching for the phone. In practically no time, sirens were screaming outside and a ladder appeared at the window. As I walked over to chat with the fire laddie, he heaved me over his shoulder and started down. I yelled that there was no fire, but he wasn't listening. You know, it's fun talking into a hand mike while dangling upside down a hundred feet in the air.



Jack Sterling, WCBS, New York—A few months ago the superintendent of New York's Goldwater Memorial Hospital, on Welfare Island, called and told me of a serious morale problem. The hospital needed three pianos on rollers that could be moved into wards, for non-ambulatory cases. Could we help? I told my listeners of the desperate need, and by the end of the week the hospital had been offered 24 pianos. In addition, there were many calls about free moving facilities and the service of a piano tuner. In no case was money asked for or expected.

Jack the Bellboy, WJBK, Detroit—A couple of years ago, a young girl disappeared from her Detroit home. The family was frantic. When she had been missing 36 hours, her brother suddenly remembered that she was a faithful listener to our daily record program. He rushed over to the studios while the show was on the air, and we broadcast a message to the girl, pleading with her to return. Within a few minutes, she had phoned her home and an hour later she was back. She had been with a girl friend, it seemed, and had left home because she was unhappy in school.

Paul Dixon, WCPO, Cincinnati—A disc jockey has lots of laughs, it's true, but once in a while you get involved in something pretty grim. One day two years ago, a young bandit terrorized a store full of people, shooting and seriously wounding the proprietor. All efforts to apprehend him were futile. So, with the help of the Cincinnati Police Department, we induced the bandit's mother to appear on our platter program and beg her son to surrender. Call it Fate or luck or what you will—the boy heard his mother, and gave himself up at a nearby police station.

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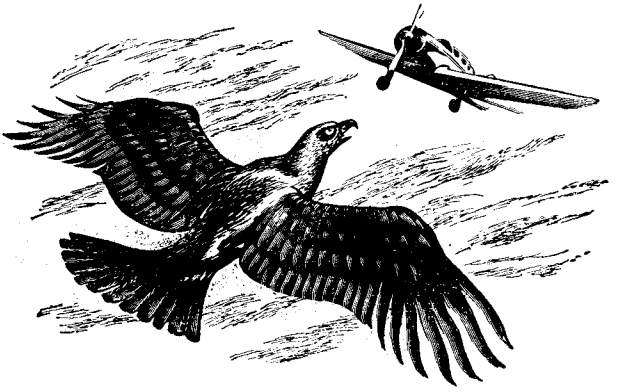
AVIATION'S BIG BROTHER: THE CAA



by IVIN M. WISE

A busy government agency has done a lot to make flying safer and more profitable

A PRIVATE PILOT who owns his plane and can't make a living teaching others to fly doesn't have to sell the old crate and start driving a taxi. He can become an airborne real-estate salesman, a rain maker, a hunter of fish, or a stand-in for scarecrows.

His partner in shoestring promotion, the small-airport operator, has an even wider choice. He can plant peanuts, wheat or vegetables, grow salable flowers, open a drive-in theater, or lay out a miniature golf course beside the runway.

Helpful hints on how to remain in America's infant aviation industry and still sneer at the sheriff are furnished, oddly enough, by the Civil Aeronautics Administration. It is an activity which probably was not intended by those who created the agency, but the CAA's by-products have indirectly contributed as much to aviation development as the agency's prime missions.

A recent visitor to CAA headquarters peered at pictures of fantastically rigged radar equipment and futuristic designs of tomorrow's air liners. But, much to his surprise, he was told that the "story of the week" in civil aviation concerned birds.

"Ducks, buzzards, and all kinds of migratory birds are a serious hazard to flying," the CAA man said. "A bird weighing only four pounds can tear a hole in the wing large enough for a man to crawl through. If such a bird hits a windshield, the impact used to shatter

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glass in the pilot's face. But we licked the problem with our new 'chicken cannon.'"

The cannon is a super-airgun which fires dead fowl weighing up to 20 pounds at various parts of a plane, at velocities up to 450 miles an hour. It helped develop a shatterproof windshield now in use on commercial air liners.

THE STUDY OF BIRDS is only one of many research projects conducted by CAA in its constant effort to develop greater safety in aviation. For, besides regulating commercial aviation, the CAA seeks to "sell" aviation to the public.

"Nearly anyone can fly," says Dr. Dean Brimhall, assistant to the CAA Administrator for Research. "We have cases of people with one eye or one leg, some who are very old, and even children who have learned to pilot a light plane."

Nor is flying merely a hobby for the wealthy. "A recent survey in one Midwestern state showed that the average income of its private pilots was under $3,000 a year," Dr. Brimhall points out. "You can buy a good secondhand plane today for about $1,000."

As for safe aircraft, they have been available for years. A year after John H. Geisse, Consultant to the Administrator, entered the Bureau of Air Commerce (CAA predecessor) in 1933, he become head of its Development Section. Soon his office issued specifications for a private craft which would be stall- and spin-proof, have maximum visibility, be ground-loop-proof, have improved brakes and the ability to taxi in a strong cross wind.

Veteran pilots threatened to boycott any such "baby carriage," but several manufacturers began designing new planes in line with the "outrageous" specifications, and the Hammond Aircraft Co. was awarded a contract for a plane with a tricycle landing gear. A two-place plane with a "pusher" propeller which left the front of the craft open for pilot visibility, it had landing flaps and stall flaps. It was so stable in the air that later models lacked rudder pedals, since the control wheel could turn the plane.

In the old days before Washington National Airport was built, the experimental Hammond plane was housed at the Air Force's Bolling Field. On days when military craft were grounded because of crosswinds, the CAA's unconventional model kept flying with ease. Reports reached General "Hap" Arnold (late commander of the Air Force), and he went over to see for himself.

Convinced of the safety factor in the new-type landing gear, he changed Air Force procurement specifications to include tricycle gear on military craft. Most of the famous fighting planes of World War II had the new gear. All present jet fighters and bombers use it, too, as do the new giant air liners.

Another CAA-sponsored development embraces new types of crosswind landing gears. Instead of fixed wheels, a castering landing gear makes possible a safe landing not directly into the wind.

Normally, when landing in a crosswind, a plane with rigid wheels tends to yaw to one side, often causing dangerous ground loops. With the castering gear, the plane tends to face into the wind to some degree, but the wheels swivel and

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allow the craft to roll straight down the runway.

Universal use of the crosswind landing gear by all types of craft could save the government up to half of its $500,000,000 federal airport program, since most of the private or small airfields could be constructed with a single runway, or several runways in parallel, instead of the present complicated system of many intersecting runways necessitated by wind changes.

Sometimes, CAA safety engineers stumble on methods to prevent accidents in strange ways. One day, a veteran pilot returning home from a cross-country flight looked down and saw two roads where he knew only one should be. He made an emergency landing and later consulted a CAA safety man.

Inspection of the cockpit disclosed that the pilot's hand fire-extinguisher was leaking carbon dioxide, which was putting him to sleep. He had simply imagined he saw that second road. Extensive tests are now under way to provide an extinguishing agent which will not overcome pilots in a confined cockpit.

The CAA also does everything possible to show the plane operator and airport owner how to show a profit in aviation. During the last year, about 60 per cent of all the flying in this country was classified as "Instruction." Too many plane owners feel that they can best use their knowledge and equipment in teaching others to fly.

Now the CAA has compiled a booklet outlining many other ways to earn profits from flying. For example, real estate can be sold from a plane as well as from a car. One salesman, specializing in Western ranches, now makes 75 per cent of his sales from the cockpit of his four-place plane.

Other enterprising pilots use light aircraft in hunting schools of fish. In the Pacific area, tuna are quickly detected from the air, while on the Atlantic side the little menhaden causes an "oil slick" on the surface. The pilot then radios to the waiting fishing fleet, which closes in.

Other aerial jobs include that of the "flying scarecrow." Rice farmers have difficulty with wild ducks which eat seed and young rice sprouts. Game laws forbid shooting, but farmers have learned that low-flying planes frighten the feeders away.

Since many small airports have been hopelessly in the red since GI flying lessons ceased, the CAA also advises operators how to earn extra money. For example, one prescription calls for the use of "idle" acreage to grow vegetables, flowers, peanuts, tobacco, and, where cattle are not a danger to landing aircraft, as grazing land. Some airports have shown added profits of $5,000 a year from growing wheat on areas not normally used by air traffic. And one manager netted thousands by selling blooms from his eye-catching beds of fine tulips.

What's Your Name? (Answers to quiz on page 99)

1. Cecilia; 2. Louis; 3. Blanche; 4. Catherine; 5. Peter; 6. Agnes; 7. John; 8. Guy; 9. Helen; 10. Ferdinand; 11. Francis; 12. Joseph; 13. Stella; 14. Henry; 15. Frederic; 16. Emery; 17. Ralph or Rudolph; 18. Abraham; 19. Alexander; 20. Theodore.

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THE BEST IN BOOKS

Coronet Selects:

VALLEY FORGE: 24 DECEMBER 1777, by F. van Wyck Mason (*Doubleday*).

THIS LITTLE BOOK tells a stirring American story. Mr. Mason has gone to a crucial moment in the Revolution —Christmas, 1777—when the ragglе-taggle American Army, threadbare and starving, shivered in the night at Valley Forge. It was a dark moment in the nation's history, and George Washington was near despair. But something he read in a letter that a boy from New York was writing to his mother gave him fresh hope. In Mr. Mason's tale, that boy's act of faith became a beacon not only for Washington, but for his infant country as well.

This book should be read by all doubters and faint-hearts, and remembered whenever the going gets rough. Because the light that burned at Valley Forge burns as brightly for us now as it did that Christmas long ago, this is CORONET's Selection of the Month.

Coronet Recommends:

FIFTY FABULOUS YEARS

by H. V. Kaltenborn (*G. P. Putnam's Sons*).

IN A SENSE, this success story by a popular radio commentator closely parallels the success story of the U. S. itself. As a youth, Kaltenborn used to read Shakespeare to lumberjacks. Now he reads scripts to millions. Nor did anyone dream at the turn of the century that in a mere 50 years this would be the world's mightiest nation.

Mr. Kaltenborn gives the reader a ringside seat at the climactic events in that brief but incredible era. However, behind his personal narrative looms the vastly bigger story of a nation rising swiftly to its "manifest destiny." In and between his lines, Mr. Kaltenborn has written a rousing report of America's magnificent coming-of-age.

OPERATION CICERO

by L. C. Moyzisch (*Coward-McCann*).

THE MOST FARFETCHED spy stories are those that take place in real wars. *Operation Cicero* would strain credibility as a novel, yet it actually occurred in Turkey during World War II. For six critical months the Albanian valet to the British Ambassador photographed hundreds of top-secret Allied documents and sold them to the Germans. He received more than a million dollars for them, and was never caught.

The Germans lost the war, but had the last laugh on their mass-production spy. The author now reveals that most of the million Cicero made was counterfeit. Here is the spy story to end all spy stories, in which everything can be believed—except that it happened.

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Courtesy

by KENT SAGENDORPH

No service to its consumers is too big, or too small, to warrant the attention of a multimillion-dollar power company

IN THE MIDST of a howling sleet storm, a big cross-country power line operated by Consumers Power Company crashed to earth near Jackson, Michigan, under tons of ice. Lights went out in one section of the city. Within a few minutes the phone rang in the company's service office there.

"Help me!" sobbed a woman's voice. "My baby's dying! He's in an incubator. When the power went off, the machine turned cold. He's got to have warmth or he won't live!"

The harassed dispatcher knew that every available man, even garage helpers and volunteers from other departments, was out fighting to restore service. But he answered: "Don't worry. We're on our way. We'll be there in a jiffy!"

In the company's gas department was a portable generator with enough capacity for this purpose. Calling off-duty employees, he located four volunteers within a few minutes. They rushed the generator to the suburban bungalow and stood by it in relays for 14 hours, until the baby was out of danger.

Consumers Power Company is an unusual organization. It is the largest utility in the nation whose service area does not include any big cities. It is a $400,000,000 corporation serving most of the lower peninsula of Michigan on the principle that each of its 900,000 customers is also a friend. The customers re-

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spond to this with a feeling of personal pride and kinship which is rare enough in the public dealings of any big corporation, and rarer still in the field of power and light companies.

Nothing seems to be too big, or too small, to arouse the company's interest in people who need its help. Only a few years ago, it developed special pumps to irrigate muck land to the precise degree necessary for a better celery crop. This was a great boon to celery growers in Muskegon County. Up near Flint, about the same time, a Consumers repair crew hauled a cow out of a 20-foot well with a winch.

Among its good-will projects is a series of free tourist camps and sportsmen's shelters in the fishing and hunting section of the state, where Consumers owns great stretches of land.

"This land is yours to enjoy," stated a Consumers invitation to sportsmen. "We've got a reforestation project pretty well along, to provide better cover for game. Come up during the season. See if you can't get a ten-point buck."

Everywhere throughout the 33,000 miles of Consumers' statewide network of power lines are similar invitations to the people of Michigan. In scores of little towns, Consumers' crews annually put up the community Christmas tree in the public square. Radio-telephone emergency trucks answer practically every fire alarm in most of the larger Michigan cities. This is just a form of quick service to the customer, in case the fire should damage electric lines.

This mutual-help policy has been maintained during the company's 40 years of corporate history. Consumers grew slowly from dozens of small companies until now it serves 56 counties, bringing electric and gas services to 1,411 separate communities—townships, villages, and several good-sized cities, including Grand Rapids.

BACK AROUND the turn of the century, Michigan was dotted with local, independent companies which began with electric street lights and a few streetcars. In Jackson, W. A. Foote and his brother rented a little store, set up a generator, and illuminated six street lights. That was back in 1886, and the same thing was beginning to take place in other cities.

Anton Hodenpyl and George Hardy became interested in a small company in Grand Rapids; John C. Weadock was associated with one in Bay City, and B. C. Cobb joined a Saginaw company. About 1900, some of these local companies were approached to put power into the small factories making wagons and farm equipment.

Before World War I, during the decade that saw Ford, Olds, Buick, Chevrolet, and Durant bring their automobile companies into quantity production, Michigan changed from an agricultural to an industrial area. Automobiles became the No. 1 enterprise of the state. In Saginaw, Flint, Bay City, Jackson, and Grand Rapids, the presidents of local power companies found they couldn't keep up with demand.

The Foote brothers and their associates, at Jackson, were first to see the need of a state-wide, interconnected system. Hodenpyl and Hardy, at Grand Rapids, went into

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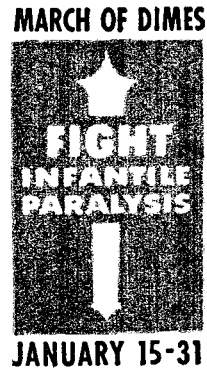
a huddle with the Footes and Cobb. Out of this came a new state-wide company with all its power at the disposal of any community that needed it in a hurry. They called it "Consumers," and adopted the motto: "We serve the people of Michigan."

These farseeing founders made Consumers a popular company. W. A. Foote handled management and finance. His brother, J. B. Foote, was the engineer who figured out how to load a cross-country power line with the then unheard-of pressure of 110,000 volts, to reduce line losses on the long intercity network.



In Grand Rapids, Hodenpyl was the same kind of fellow—a townsman interested in progress. Cobb was a civic-minded businessman. In Jackson, lawyer Justin Whiting specialized in utility practice. That was 40 years ago. Now Whiting is president of Consumers.

These are the people who kept Consumers attuned to the needs of the farmer and the small-town housewife, right along with the growing demands of the Buick Motor Company. For example, there was a man named David Hill, 81, dying of pneumonia in a secluded farmhouse near Grand Rapids. Doctors recommended a diathermy machine. But there was no power in the house; no electric lines.

Consumers had a choice—let him die, or run a line in immediately at the company's expense. They doubled the pole-setting crew and ran over a mile line to the farmhouse, at a cost of some $2,000. David Hill survived.

It's like that all over the state. In the blizzards of 1947, back roads were clogged with six-foot drifts. The company had its trucks out, fighting the drifts to keep service going. Near Flint, in a housing development, there were shivering people waiting for a transformer to arrive. Despite backbreaking efforts, the blizzard won. The trucks were halted. At that point the weary crews saw a farmer's bobsled gliding toward them.

"Load that transformer in here, boys," he said. "I'll get it to where it's going. You just stay in there and keep warm."

The farmer delivered the transformer and immediately some 50 homes thawed out as electrically operated furnace fans, pilots, and stokers promptly went into action.

Close ties with hundreds of thousands of customers, built up through friendly contacts, explain much of the company's success.

Right after World War II, Consumers began building more generating plants, and hundreds more miles of line. Today, the company has generating capacity in excess of any foreseeable need. In fact, anybody who wants a little extra power can practically get it by picking up the phone.

This ample reserve of power has made it possible for Consumers to develop its rural market even beyond a point considered possible before the war. The company began supplying rural service as far

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back as 1924, with an experimental line near Parma, Michigan.

In those days farmers couldn't always see the merit of power. Then Michigan State College joined Consumers and other organizations in rural demonstration tours, showing farmers how to use electric milkers, pumps, feed-cutters, brooders, and other devices. Farmers' wives exclaimed over electric washing machines, ranges, and radio sets.

Gradually the service was extended, but so slowly that by 1930 only a few thousand farms had power. H. J. Gallagher, Consumers Farm Service manager, began a long campaign to educate farmers in the labor-saving features of electricity. But the company had a lively battle with the government-financed Rural Electrification Administration during the Depression, and for some years prior to the war.

At the same time that REA's lines went up, Consumers' went up even faster. Finally, Consumers won the battle of private enterprise versus government subsidy. Today, the company furnishes power to some 103,000 farms and 30,000 suburban homes—largest farm electrification project in the world accomplished without government help.

Consumers supplies current to 99 per cent of all the farms in its service area. It supplies another group indirectly—the members of an REA cooperative which buys its current from Consumers at wholesale prices.

Consumers was successful in this difficult campaign because their rates were well below REA's, though that agency paid no taxes. Now, Michigan farmers get Consumers' power at 2.26 cents per kilowatt hour—a figure so low that Welfare State advocates probably think there's a trick in it.

The trick is simply ample reserves of power, good management, and satisfied customers. Right now, Consumers is one of America's best examples of a private utility succeeding brilliantly in competition with subsidized, tax-free government power. It is an encouraging note to friends of free enterprise and a blow to those people who think that the U. S. must follow the path of socialism.

Fashion Note

TODAY, WHEN A GIRL wears an evening dress, she doesn't look as if she was "poured in." She looks as if someone had started to *pour her out*—and then changed his mind. —PAT BARTLETT

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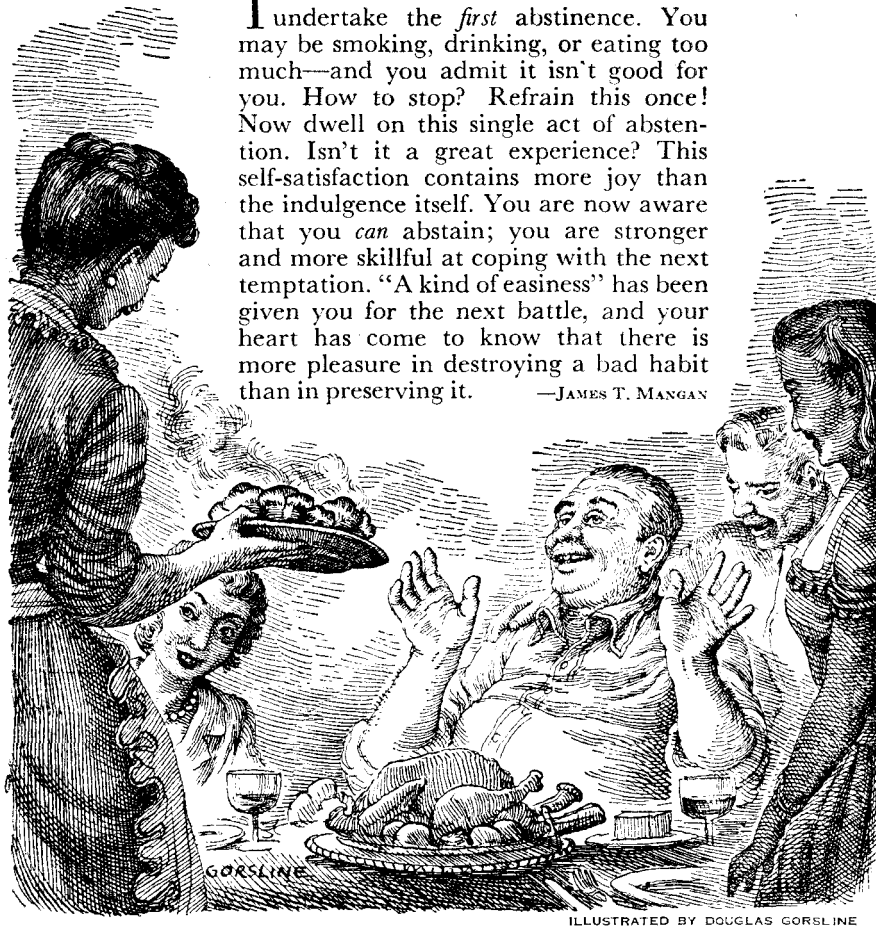
Triumph Over Habit

"Refrain tonight and that shall lend a kind of easiness to the next abstinence."—*Shakespeare*

THE WAY TO BREAK a bad habit is to undertake the *first* abstinence. You may be smoking, drinking, or eating too much—and you admit it isn't good for you. How to stop? Refrain this once! Now dwell on this single act of abstention. Isn't it a great experience? This self-satisfaction contains more joy than the indulgence itself. You are now aware that you *can* abstain; you are stronger and more skillful at coping with the next temptation. "A kind of easiness" has been given you for the next battle, and your heart has come to know that there is more pleasure in destroying a bad habit than in preserving it. —JAMES T. MANGAN



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Report To Parents: No. 2

Hamlet Speaks to the Freshman Class

YES, TODAY HAMLET recited his famed Soliloquy to freshman English students. Last week, the class paid a visit to the home of Victor Hugo.

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